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Upper Annandale

Its History And Traditions.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

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UPPER ANNANDALE:

ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS,

BY

AGNES MARCHBANK,
Author of "The Covenanters of Annandale," etc.

"Sons of the fathers whose names are in story,
Like Meteors that blaze in the pale autumn sky:
Yours be their motto—the watchword of glory—
'Ready, aye ready,' to conquer or die."

—*John Brown.*

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Dedicated to the Memory of

My Son George,

Who loved our Valley so dearly,
and took so keen an interest in all its history and traditions.

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PREFACE.

I desire to thank all those who have given me information and encouragement in the production of this book. Want of space prevents me mentioning names of books and people that have been helpful. If I have stolen aught, may the critics be kindly to me and the little book that goes forth from out my solitude.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

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UPPER ANNANDALE:

Its History and Traditions.

Chapter I.

UPPER ANNANDALE.

"Annan, Tweed, and Clyde
A' ran oot o' ae hillside,
An' tried wha first the sea wad win;
Tweed ran, but Annan wan,
Clyde brak his neck ower Corra Linn."
—*Old Rhyme.*

UPPER ANNANDALE begins at the little mossy ditch in the ravine that was of old times called "Corrie of Annan," and later, in the days of the Raiders, the "Deil's Beef Tub." It ends, as *Upper Annandale*, and becomes simply Annandale, when it has gathered to itself the waters of Burnock, Evan, Moffat, Wamphray, Kinnel, and other smaller burns, and, swollen into a mighty river, goes onward to the Solway.

The Annan rises in a nest of hills—high, rugged, heathery, wind-swept mountains many of them. Hartfell, the highest mountain in the South of Scotland, is close to Annan Corrie. The mountains that stretch away on the west have Queensberry, giant-like, towering over them. The cluster of hills on the east have the mist-crowned Etterick Pen, that throws its shadow to where the Dryfe, creeping along like a silver thread, finds its way to the rocks at Boreland, and, leaping like a mad thing, drives down its glen to join the Annan at Dryfe Sands.

It is a land of poetry, of romance, of history. It has in all ages been a land of liberty. Rebels fled to it. The dark-haired Cave-dweller; the fierce, yellow-haired Celt;

Merlin, the last priest of nature; Wallace and his friends; weavers from Bothwell Bridge; Highlanders, creeping home after the "forty-five"; and others, whose only safety lay in hiding among the "heichs and howes" of Upper Annandale. There has always been sympathy with rebels in Upper Annandale. The worst word they have got is "puir sowls." Claverhouse, writing home from Upper Annandale, declared the people were "all rebels at heart."

It has been said, "Blessed are the people who have no history." Upper Annandale has not been blessed in this way. The glens are covered with green knowes, that were once hill-forts of the Celt, with other grass-covered forts, left by the Romans, and with the ruins of strong Border Peels, from whence, once on a day, warriors went out whistling, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" and came home to find the "hare sitting on the hearthstone." Life was full of surprises then.

We have only ruins to show the stranger. No fine old castles, no fine old bridges, no fine old churches. We have to thank our friends on the other side of the Border for that. Perhaps a few on this side as well. There is one consolation, they got as good as they gave. The debt was paid with interest.

If we have not got anything else, we have a race of Borderers who, in all times of our nation's trouble, have been a wall of defence, and are "aye ready." It is said that the people of Upper Annandale are a strange mixture of Pict, Celt, Roman, Saxon, and Scandinavian, and that the types are to be traced in the features, and in the manners, and in the speech of the dwellers of our glens.

This may be true. If so, it has been a good fighting mixture. It has made men who made history.

"And not by dainty hands in kid, the shackles fell to rust,
But warty, horny were the hands that made the nation just."

Chapter II.

THE FIRST DWELLERS IN UPPER ANNANDALE.

"The ancient Briton, in his wild beast skin, and eyeing his foe from his fort and wattled rath on the windy hill, loved the wooded land so well that he fought for it with sublime tenacity."

—*Veitch, "Border History."*

IN Upper Annandale are many of the rounded forts of the first dwellers in the glen, as well as the square forts of the Romans who conquered them. In early times Upper Annandale was part of the great forest of Caledon that extended even to where the first missionary planted his "wattled kirk," where the Cathedral of Glasgow was afterwards built. "The Forest of Annandale" was the name our glen got in the days of the first Bruce, and the natural wood that clothes the banks of our rocky rivers and wild ravines are the remains of this old forest. The once renowned "Ettrick Forest" was also part of the old forest of Caledon.

When the Romans came to this quarter of Scotland they called the people Selgovae, or "The Hunters." This tribe of Selgovae do not appear to have been the wild white men we generally fancy them to have been, but a people with some intelligence. Also people of a poetic temperament. The names they called the hills and rivers are sweet-sounding and beautiful names. They point to some peculiarity about the places, and there is sometimes a world of meaning in one little word.

The Selgovae were of the same race as the Welsh people of to-day. The old ballads of the Welsh people tell of the glory that is past, of battles fought here in our Borderland, of heroes among these ancient Celts. The songs were made by Celts who fled to the high hills now called "Wales," many of them going from our own Upper Annandale. Other Celts fled to the hills about and above Hartfell, where they were also known as "Welsh." Veitch says—"Their representatives are still to be found there as shepherds, farmers, and lairds."

Mr Charles Stewart, who so well knew Upper Annandale, said that at "Walls, near the farm of Alton, there seems to have been at one time a considerable population." The Knights-Templars built one of their first churches there. The name "Walls" is not a common name, and as it seems to have been the name of the "auld toon" that was first planted in Upper Annandale, perhaps some "Antiquarian Society" will search out and find if it was first inhabited by a colony of these same Welsh.

Though the Selgovae fought with great courage against the Romans, when once conquered they settled down into a sort of friendship with the invaders. They had time to do it, for the Romans came to stay. They remained in Upper Annandale for four hundred years, and many of them are said to have married the golden-haired daughters of the land. From these same Romans the Selgovae learned many things: the arts of building, planting gardens, working in metals, making roads, and, some say, were also taught the new Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The rivers of Upper Annandale still bear the names these Celts gave them. Burnock means "little water." Annan and Evan (Avon) are both names that mean "*the water.*" It is a descriptive word, as if it meant to give the sound of the murmur of a stream. Annand was the old spelling, and some say it means "slow running water."

What is now called "The Beef Tub" was in ancient times called "Corrie head." Corrie means a deep glen or ravine. Near the Corrie of Annan is Auchencat. This means "field of the wild cat." There is an Auchengatt in Aberdeenshire. At one time the wild-cat was a dangerous animal, and roamed at its own sweet will all over Scotland. Many places are called after it—Catgill, Catslack, and others. In olden times Auchencat would be fairly well wooded, game plentiful, and the cats would multiply. Their love songs, war songs, and shouts of victory would be as unwelcome to the sleepy Celt as to the modern householder.

Another small glen there with a burn running through it is the "Lochen," also a common Celtic name, that means *little loch.* When land was undrained, burns often turned the grounds round them into marshy swamps. Nor were these "lochens" unwelcome to a people who lived by hunting.

In this little glen are some caves, which, as far as I know, have never been examined by antiquarians. The late Rev. Wm. Bennet was much interested in them, and called them "the singular Newton caves, hewn out of the red sandstone rocks by forgotten hands."

Perhaps they were "lake dwellings." They were near the lochen, the swampy marsh, where came all kinds of game, such as the soul of the Celt loved.

The most suggestive word, however, in Upper Annandale is the "*Kerr*," which from time immemorial has been the name of the open, unfenced common land south of Moffat.

The Kerr.

The word "Kerr" is a name that many cities are proud to possess. It points to a date far back in Celtic times. It shows a town, or a certain space of ground, has a history. There are twenty-eight cities which are proud of the name, and there are said to have been many other places once so called.

The word "Caer" is generally placed before another word in the same way as we use the word "Castle." Carstairs—Caer Terras; the fort of Terras. Cardrona—fort on the ridge. Caerlaverock—fort in the elmwood. Where the word comes, we know that at one time there

stood there a strong and carefully guarded place of defence. The position was always well chosen, generally the lower part of a braeside, so as to have the hill behind. Where the "Caer" stood there was always a rounded mound of artificial earth work.

In the "Caer" of Upper Annandale there is still such a round mound that was named the "Leddy Knowe," from a later story. But before that, it was the fort of the Celt. At least there is every evidence in favour of it being a British or Celtic fort. Some years ago, when there was a dispute because some one had tried to enclose this common land, and the Moffat people broke down a fence and claimed it as town property, it was found that from pre-historic times this land had been *The "Kerr" of Moffat*, and on the plain around had grazed the cows of the village people. The word "Kerr" is the same as "Caer." The family name "Kerr" is in England "Carr," and means the "keeper of a fort," a very old Celtic name.

Moffat people have always called this land "*The* Kerr," which seems to also point to it being a fort of some consequence in its day.

The Selgovae, with a keen eye to the natural defence of their country, must have known that their greatest advantage lay in keeping close to the shelter of the hills. Even in modern times it has been found almost impossible to conquer a people who are familiar with, and able to take every advantage of their knowledge of the mountains. In the far back days neither the Annan nor the Burnock flowed in the straight lines they do now. A tradition says that up to a late period both rivers united in a loch below the Kerr lands. We know that every November they break out and strive their hardest to go back to their old "familiar places."

This marshy loch below the Kerr or "Caer" would add to the natural defence. The Annan ran nearer to the town then, so must have been close to the right, the Burnock close to the left, the hill behind, and the marshy loch south.

If the oldest village in Upper Annandale was near the Grey gill on the banks of the Burnock, from its high position it would be possible for the dwellers on the hill to see if victory or defeat came to the warriors on the "Caer." If defeat—there was time to flee to the gloomy recesses of

Blackshope, where the weakly and the young children had gone on before. There was also safety and shelter in nearer glens. The warriors themselves could find many hiding-places among the leafy branches of the rocky Burnock or alder-shaded Ellerbeck.

In later days than the Selgovae lived, in the rounded edge of the long ridge that stretches down from Hartfell, was a point that was chosen by Douglas on which to place his beacon. It commands a view of all Annandale.

The Selgovae had eyes quite as keen as the Douglas. Standing on his "Caer" he looked down "Strathannand," and far away to where the cloud-like English hills close in the view. Constant watch he kept; for there were strange tales of the Romans coming with their all-conquering armies. Left of the "Caer" flowed the Burnock, slower than now, for the land was not drained. Beyond the water rose up Dumcrieff, "the hill with the shoulder." The *Magh-fada* went up beyond that also—that *Magh-fada* that must be closely watched. Below Dumcrieff was Wamphray, "the cave of slumber," and fold over fold beyond, the hills guarded Strathannand on the east. West of the "Caer" rose up the wooded hill they called "Cotes," and beyond that was a glen strongly guarded by forts. South of the Cotes hill was "the hill of the birches," where there was a strong fort to guard the entrance to the head of Annandale. South again was Dumgree, "the hill of the herd," and the shelter of Duff Kennel lay beyond. Then fold over fold lay the hills guarding the west of Strathannand.

Chapter III.

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS.

"Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman."

THE Selgovae doubtless considered their strong forts impregnable, especially that strong "Caer" that stood out at the head of the *Magh-fada*, and was provided with a natural ditch on three sides and the long ridge of hill-land behind. Up in the village the women grind the corn into meal with their quern, the old men work patiently with their primitive tools, making arrows for the younger men, or shields, or strong bows; while the little children watch the far away "Caer" and tell the old "granny" of things her old eyes cannot see, but the meaning of which she knows better than they do. "*The evening sun glittering on something that shines brighter than the sun itself! A something that comes nearer!* Raise the alarm!"

"Nay, I cannot go," she says; "so she sits by the Grey gill and chants the old song of the Celts:

> "Father of heroes! the people bend before thee;
> Thou turnest the battle in the field of the brave."

She sits there with tears running down her withered cheeks. Not for herself does she weep. She is past all fear for herself. But she knows, it hath been told her, what these people can do; their mighty strength, their flashing swords, their burnished brass coats that shine in the sun, their wonderful shields that are like the rock itself, and the axes that are swifter and surer than the thunderbolt. The men and women, cattle and children are gone; she alone is left, and by her own desire. She has the "sight," they say, so they dare not thwart her will.

Down at the "Caer" the Romans have passed over the Annan, and the stockade of posts go quickly down before the mighty axes. Showers of arrows fall harmlessly on the polished brass, the "fire of old Rome" is in the eyes of the men, before whose blows strong posts fly into splinters, and

ere long the strong and impregnable "Caer" is taken, the defenders being put to the sword.

This was what had always been. There was no escape, except in flight. It is what is always done in unequal warfare. Courage is of no avail.

One fort after another was taken. The Romans were masters of the glens. And to show still more their grim determination to conquer all the country, they made roads and got the Selgovae to work at them. They also raised square forts and guarded their possessions so thoroughly that the Celts of Upper Annandale (whom all writers say were milder mannered and more peace-loving than the other Celts) tried to make the best of what remained, and in time became on very good terms with the people who had conquered them. Any of the warriors who held out went to join the Scots and Picts up in the north, whom the Romans never subdued, but only kept them north of the conquered country by a strong line of forts.

So there was peace in the land. Men, women, and children crept back to the little village by the Grey Gill, shaded by its ash trees; patches of corn were sown; cattle wandered about; and children grew up ready enough to forget. Only the bards sang songs of the old days, the old wars, and the dead heroes.

The Roman Road that comes north by Carlisle, goes straight up Annandale to the head of the glen. A good part of it is in use at the present day. On coming to Upper Annandale, it reaches an entrenchment at "Tassie's Holm," called after Tatius, a Roman General, one of Agricola's Generals engaged in the expedition into Scotland. This Tassie's Holm is on the farm of Miltons below Beattock. It is sometimes called "Tassie's Camp," and the field is known as "The Moat." But all trace of any Roman Camp has long since disappeared, though west of it is a place called "Hopper tuttie," which name stands for "*Oppidum Tatius*," the "Fortified Camp of General Tatius."

It is not strange that all trace of the camp has disappeared. It stood too much in the valley. The forts on the hills have survived. There are fifty moats and forts in Upper Annandale alone, so I think we have enough survivals.

Part of the Roman Road has been ploughed over, but can still be traced. It joins the present "Beattock Road" about a mile below Moffat, and goes on till it reaches Lang-

shaw bush. A branch goes up to the old Roman Cemetery at the top of the hill. Another goes along the ridge between the Annan and the Evan till it reaches the birth-place of the Clyde. In an old *Moffat Register* there is a letter by Mr George Vere Irving, of Newton House, Abington, a member of the Council of the British Archæological Association, who, assisted by a staff of workmen, had made a thorough examination of the Roman remains in Upper Annandale. He was of opinion that the main or principal Roman Road did not leave the valley of Annandale at Langshaw Bush. "My impression is, that it turned the base of the hills to the head of the Annan, and it then either came to an end, or turned up Moffat Water."

That is, this road went straight to the fort at the Kerr, and either ended there, or turned and went up to the "shoulder of the hill," by that straight and very Roman-like road, that is now called "the Selkirk Road."

If the Roman Road ended at the base of the hills to the head of the broad valley, it is likely that the Romans had taken possession of the round fort with its natural defences, and held it as a stronghold to guard against surprise. The Romans never left anything to chance. In the Statistical Report for 1792 the minister of Moffat refers to the finding in a moss near the old Roman Road, of a piece of gold, "part of some military ornament with the number of the legion to which it belonged." If a thorough search were made by our coming "Antiquarian Society," we might even find something still better—the remains of Roman houses on the slope above the Kerr, such as are found on the brae side at Inveresk. The Romans could not be here for four hundred years without building houses for themselves.

The late Mr Vere Irving also examined what tradition said was a Roman Cemetery on the Coates Hill. This is his report:—"On Lochhouse farm we found one of the finest specimens of a Roman Cemetery that, in all my extensive experience, it has been my good fortune to meet with. We there met with a large tumulus, part natural, part artificial, which so often marks the sites of these burial grounds, certainly not so large, but decidedly of the same type as the Brahemuts of the Lewes, the Dane John of Canterbury, and the mounts of Thetford, Marlborough, and Windsor. Its sepulchral character was marked even

more strongly than in many of these cases by the evident traces of numerous smaller graves around it—I mean in external character—as several of those I have named have been opened and their nature distinctly ascertained. The locality, moreover, was exactly that which, judging from Italian remains, we would suppose a cemetery to have been placed, if there was a populous colony at Tatiusholm—that is, at some distance from the colony, but on the side of the road leading from it."

There is the remains of a fortified camp at Holmshaw, near Garpol, on the other side of Coates hill, on the west banks of the Evan. This Roman Cemetery, therefore, stands in the centre of Roman fortified camps, if we could be certain that there was a fortified camp near, or on the Kerr lands. We know that the Roman generally pitched his camp near, or on the site of the Celtic fort.

As years went on, and intermarriage brought union, and familiar intercourse respect for one another, the Selgovae in Annandale grew almost Roman in many of their ways. So much so that they were made "Roman Citizens," which was considered both an honour and a privilege. To be a "Roman Citizen" was to take rank as a free man, and to be raised to be the equal of the greatest noble in the Roman Empire.

The cultivation of the ground made the Romans bring over the cherry, the rose, and the violet, as well as other seeds and plants.

The art of defence and defiance was taught the Selgovae, who, however, as after events proved, trusted more to their skilled teachers than to their own knowledge of war. Arts, crafts, and the cooking of food, were improved, as also the fashion of dress and living.

But above all it is generally acknowledged that at this time Christianity must have been introduced, that many of the Roman soldiers must have had knowledge of the early Christians, of their creed and their readiness to suffer death rather than worship strange gods.

In no other way can it be explained how Christianity afterward spread so quickly amongst the people.

A Roman soldier could not be an open missionary; but in the making of these wonderful roads there were days, and months, and years spent. Men talked then as now, eager to hear some new thing, or to tell a strange and

wonderful event. And what could be more wonderful to the poor Selgovae than the news that this Jesus was nailed on a cross, buried, and after three days rose again. And—still more wonderful—He had taught men that the soul never dies, that the great God is our common Father, and that men ought to "love their enemies."

The Selgovae had a fear of death, but all the same he *had* heard that the soul never dies; and when he laid the warrior in his *cromlech*, he placed food to help him in his journey, and weapons ready to his hand when he went to the unknown country. So did his fathers before him.

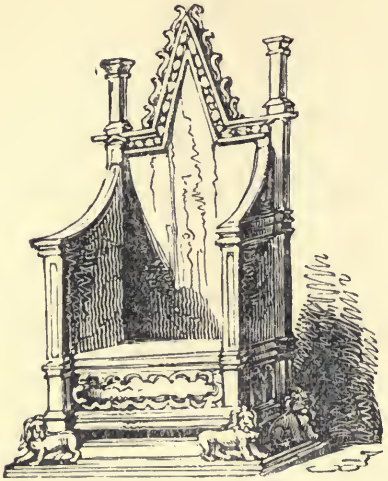
The Three Stanin' Stanes.

The "Stanin' Stanes" at the side of the Beattock Road are said by tradition to be the grave of some great warriors, who, on a certain night in the year, rise and walk solemnly round these stones.

"Stanin' Stanes" are common enough. A writer says of them:—"On hillsides, on moors, and on fields we have the 'standing stones' or 'stanin' stanes,' sometimes single,

sometimes two together, with a third that has fallen on its side. These are unquestionably of great antiquity, as they are often referred to in the earliest charters as objects already generally known, and hence utilised by them as boundary stones, called *har* or *her*—as Harestone, Harelaw, Harden, etc. The Cromlech was a chamber of rough, unhewn stones, formed generally of three upright stones and one laid flat on the top resembling the covering of a table. There is evidence that these chambers sometimes formed the centre of a mound or barrow composed of earth."

Before the Beattock road was made, these three "stanin' stanes" would stand alone in the centre of an unenclosed field not far from the old Roman road. There are no other stones like them near—so they must have been brought from a great distance to where they now stand. The name and rank of the Celtic warriors are forgotten. But there was a day when sorrowful hearts mourned, and wet eyes looked on the grey Cromlech.



The Stone of Destiny—Coronation Chair.

Chapter IV.

THE COMING OF SCOTS, SAXONS, NORSE, AND NORMANS.

"Then there was Scotland, full of hills, and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths, and great morasses."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE Romans were recalled to their own land in order to defend it against its enemies. Thus the gentle-mannered people of Selgovae were left to themselves after four hundred years of servitude. There was no one now to keep the Northern Celt in order, or to guard the dividing line of forts. Thus the Celtic races who had been under the Romans and learned their ways, formed themselves into one nation—called the kingdom of Strathclyde, and the capital was Dumbarton, or castle of the Britons. They seem to have tried to rule this kingdom as the Romans had taught them. But their strength and military skill was much weaker.

The wild Celts in the north were partly Picts and partly Scots from Ireland. The Picts are supposed to have been a dark haired race of Britons, and some think they were the very earliest inhabitants of Britain. They were wild and fearless and gave the Romans much trouble. They found their master, however, in the Scots who came from Ireland.

These Scots were Celts like themselves, but of a stronger nature. They had the masterful manner and belief in themselves that goes far to make success in this world.

They fully meant business when they came over. With them they brought a strange stone that has played no mean part in Scottish history. The stone is said to have been brought over by Fergus the son of Eric, who led them to the coast of Argyleshire.

The Scots had great faith in this stone, and called it "The Stone of Destiny." In olden times certain stones sometimes came to be objects of worship. Men and women carried small stones as charms, and dreaded (some do even now) the power possessed by the opal of changing its colour. The "Stone of Destiny" was valued highly. It was said to have been the stone Jacob used as a pillow. There was a saying regarding it:

> "Where'er is found this sacred stone,
> The Scottish race shall reign."

The Scots first made themselves masters of the north, and getting the Picts subdued came south with their great Stone of Destiny.

For some time there was intermarriage between the Scots and Strathclyde Britons, but that was not a fast enough process. So it ended in a great and desperate battle, near where Lochmaben now stands, between King Constantine of Strathclyde, and Gregory, king of the Scots. There was a great number of the poor Strathclyde Britons slain. As for the Selgovae—it is said that very few survived. Those who did, fled either to the mountain land round Hartfell, or to join the other Britons among the mountains of Wales. King Constantine was slain. A large tumulus is over the grave of Constantine and the thousands of brave warriors who died fighting round their king.

The Scots were now masters of Strathclyde and the northern kingdom of the Picts. They now ruled the king-

dom that was from them called "Scotland." The Picts in Galloway in Dumfriesshire, and the north; and the Selgovae and other tribes of Britons had to call themselves "Scots" now to save themselves from death and ruin. As the Selgovae had served the Roman, he yielded to his brother Celt. So the new era began.

The Saxons had come to England, and some of them slipped into Upper Annandale, where they grouped together into "toons," and traded and lived very quietly. It was they who called the Britons "Welsh," meaning foreigners.

After that, a colony of Norse, or Scandinavians, came to dwell among us. But they did not go into the Saxon "towns" nor interfere with the other races in any way. They chose the farming lands, and have named such places as Capplegill, Bodsbech, Drycleuch, Blackrig, Hankshaw, Hartfell, and Middlegill. The familiar Rig, Gill, etc., show where the Norse farmers had settled.

They called things by plain names. A spade was a spade. They did not call things by such fancy names as "the cave of slumber."

However, all these races got on very well together and proved a happy family. The Scots, once settled, were good rulers; and as Christianity was now introduced, and its softening influence being felt, there came to be a firm bond of union between all the peoples of Upper Annandale.

The strong dark Douglas clans were Celtic, so were the Maccas family, afterwards the great Maxwells. The Johnstones are said by Veitch to have been a Norse race. "Johnstone, a bold, brave name in the Lowlands, is a true Norse name, the most common in Iceland, and it is one of the most common in the Lowlands of Scotland, and there associated with deeds of personal daring, among the roughest in Border history."

An old verse tells us—

> "Within the bounds of Annandale,
> The gentle Johnstones ride;
> They hae been here a thousand years,
> A thousand mair they 'll bide."

Besides these names there were others—the small band of very lively Bells, the tall and handsome Morays, the Hallidays, and others. As time went on each laird built

himself a Border peel. The word "peel" is a very old word. The Celt gave it to his hill-dwelling. The oldest form of peel was a round tower. But these went out of fashion, and near, or on their sites, were erected the strong Border Towers of the Middle Ages.

These were built of the grey wacke of the district, and holes or boles admitted air or light and served for defence. The mortar is like stone. The making of it is said to have been a secret learned from the Romans, a soft cement which, poured in among the built stones, bind them together with the grip of iron.

These towers were almost all of one design. The lower stories were vaulted. A narrow stair led to the different stories, and also to the top. The flat top was guarded by battlements, and in the centre of the space was a crow-gabled cottage which served as a kitchen and a watch-tower. Round these battlements the ladies could walk to watch for lover or returning sons. There were no special bed-rooms. In old Scottish houses every room was supposed to serve the purpose of a bed-room. Even as late as 1745 there was only one house in Inverness which had a room without a bed. These towers had two doors—a wooden door and a strong iron yett.

Loch-house, below Moffat, has still something of its old appearance. It is not so much a ruin as the other towers. Long ago I remember seeing in its lower vaulted chamber the ring fastened to the wall which had been used for unlucky prisoners. I suppose the ring will be gone: for the house has been modernised, and even its name stolen by the old Beattock Hotel, which is now the farmhouse of Loch-house farm, and is called "Loch-house." The plumber's pipe adorns the tower walls, and plate glass adorns the boles. The hand of the Philistine has been upon the old tower. Poor Loch-house! Far luckier is Lochwood; a ruin in all the beauty of old age.

It was to this Forest of Annandale, where the lairds were each eager to get a strong tower built for himself, that there came a Norman at the invitation of the Scottish king, David I. This king had got to be on very intimate terms with several Normans when visiting in England. Admiring their ability, he considered that it might be a good thing to have several of them serving under him in Scotland. This Norman, whom he made Lord of Annandale and

keeper of Lochmaben Castle, was about the cleverest of them all. His name was Robert the Bruce. The Lordship of Annandale was no empty title. It carried with it several privileges: forage and provisions for a large retinue; so many fat cows and fat geese; and the power to hang, drown, banish, cut off a man's ears, nail them to a post, or burn his house over his head. His lordship's retainers could often use their master's authority to their own advantage.

There is a common saying in Upper Annandale, which now is an empty threat, but which in other days could make a man shake in his shoes:—"Ye 'll get your heid in your han's, and your lugs to play wi'." All over Scotland there was the same power, which could be a tremendous power when used by a tyrannical lord.

"Yerl John was the man; he 'd hang them just o' his ain word; nane o' your law," said one admirer of this rough justice. Graham tells of one man, who, when put into the pit when they were getting the gallows ready, grew mad with a sense of his unjust treatment, and, drawing a sword, cried that he would kill the first man who touched him. His wife, fearing that she and her family would suffer, coaxed the man to submit,—"Come up quietly and be hanged, and do not anger the laird," said she.

The gallows was usually erected on a moor where two roads met. But there were times when the nearest tree served the purpose. The gallows of Moffat was in the common above the town. This common was the ridge of hill-land behind the town, taking in what is still called the "Gallow Hill." This hill was not planted with trees in those days.

The Gallows-well was close to the Gallows, for it was erected at the cross roads. One old road came from the ford over the Annan and went right up and on to Burnock Glen. The other road went from Moffat, led past the Gallows-well, and went right onward till it reached the head of the Corrie of Annan. These two roads met in the moorland above the town. There is still a "right of way" kept for the road to Burnockdale; but the old road leading from Moffat to the head of Annandale, after it passes the Gallows-well and goes onward some few hundred yards, is shut off by a gate and has been ploughed over. Of late years it was not much used except for a drive round the

Gallowhill. But there was one brave old gentleman who "Rode the Marches" yearly till his death. There are other roads leading to the head of Annandale. But in reading the history of Moffat, these old bridle-paths and old roads must be taken into account. For they were in constant use in the "auld lang syne."

I have been told by some, born before the end of the eighteenth century, that there were people in their youth, who told them of seeing the Gallows-tree of Moffat, which stood where the corner of a hedged-in field comes near the road. Also of a tradition of a fair lady who trysted to meet her lover, and found him dying at the Gallows-well.

The Gallows-well does not look so picturesque as when its waters flowed out of a mossy wooden spout, and meandered down the braeside. The day may come when some old Moffatonian may spend some of his wealth in beautifying the ancient well, whose waters are so sweet, and must in their time have quenched the thirst of many generations. It never has been known to run dry. Old people, who could remember the "dry year," said that the Gallows-well ran as blithely then as now. Summer and winter, frosts of January or heat of June cannot harm it. Its waters come from the heart of the hill.

When Robert the Bruce came to Annandale at King David's invitation, the valley was called Estrahannent and Stratanant. Both names are alike. Our forefathers tried to spell as they pronounced. Estra is the same as Yester. It is Strath, meaning valley. Strathannan is a beautiful name. In 1295 it was named Anandresdale.

This Robert the Bruce was a man who governed well this troublesome middle portion of Dumfriesshire. For seventeen years he kept Annandale in good order, and was friendly with King David. He even ventured to advise the King, speaking his mind freely. In the old days this was a daring thing for any man to do. But the shrewd Bruce could not but foresee failure when his old friend King David set off to the Battle of the Standard.

Chapter V.

WALLACE AT COREHEAD.

"He saw out of his poverty the highways of the state."
—*G. A. Townsend.*

WHEN David I. granted to "Robert de Brus" the lordship of Annandale, with all its customs and privileges, there was a clause, "I forbid any one to hunt in said forest under a penalty of £10, and no one shall go through said forest except by the straight road appointed." This was binding down the people of Upper Annandale, for in the forest they got so much of their daily food. To offend the Lord of Annandale who had the power of "pit and gallows" was no light matter. Still, in the keeping of order in Annandale, there was something to be said for the law. A firm hand was needed. Many dark and evil deeds were done in the forest. If the Bruce could make each man found in his forest give an account of himself, he had a firmer grip on all evil-doers.

Besides the lairds and their head, the Lord of Annandale, there were the commoner people. These may be divided into two classes at this time; one class engaged in tilling the ground and tending stock; the other trading and making certain goods.

The plough of the time needed six or eight oxen to pull it along, so the smaller farmers went shares and clustered in little "farm toons." They were united in a sort of co-operative system—something like what has been attempted in modern days. Usually the whole of the clachan were bound together by ties of relationship. Their cows grazed together on the common. They cast their peats in company. They joyed and sorrowed as one large family.

The earlier houses are said to have been built of wood, or "houses of wattles," stuffed with clay and heather. But as the forest was cleared, these gave place at an early age to those built of stones (of which there was no lack), and built like a dry stone dyke, with the holes stuffed with

heather and turf. The laird had his servants housed close to the tower, within a high and thick wall secured by a strong iron yett. This enclosure was like a modern farm-yard, and into it were driven the cattle at night—wolves and other wild animals still being in the forest, not to speak of thieves. If an enemy came to close quarters the cattle were housed in the vaulted dungeons, and the followers helped to defend the strong tower. The smaller houses might be burned to the ground, but in the tower of the middle ages there was nothing that would catch fire any more than on the face of a bare rock.

The small clachans that the Saxons called "toons" continued to cluster together till a late age. Until the commons were divided cows fed on the common, and the co-operative system kept in force in Upper Annandale.

Poultry was a stock more attended to and prized than now. Oxen were used for purposes horses are now, in ploughing, etc.

> "I had six owsen in a pleuch,
> And they drew teuch and weel eneuch;
> I drank them a', just ane by ane;
> Guid ale keeps my heart abune."

The horse used to carry a laird, or even a knight, with all his heavy armour on, was not the slim, high-spirited animal one sees in pictures. A light horse could never have carried such a weight. The horse was of the same breed as those the farm of Dyke gets prizes for breeding and rearing every year—a broad Clydesdale animal with the handsome swing that in war time must have made the lairds and their men from Upper Annandale look what we call "michty."

Of the people in the trading "toons" we shall speak later.

There were eight Roberts of the Bruce line lords of Annandale between this first one, who came from England, and the Robert who came to be king of Scotland. They kept order in the forest in their time.

Scotland meanwhile was getting into trouble. Four kings reigned; among them the lion-like William, and the good King Alexander III.

On the death of this last the crown went to his grand-daughter Margaret, a child of four years of age. This child was living with her father Eric in Norway. Great

Scottish lords went to bring her over. But the poor little queen sickened and died soon after her feet touched the kingdom she was to govern.

There was then a contention who should be made King. The nearest to the throne were John Baliol and Robert Bruce. The mother of the Bruce had been niece to William the Lion; the grandmother of John Baliol had also been a niece. But it so happened that Baliol's grandmother had been the elder sister—so he contended that *he* ought to be king.

King Edward I. of England was resolved to have a finger in the pie. Seeing in Baliol a weaker man, who would readily become his tool, he chose Baliol. The Scottish barons had accepted Edward's offer to decide between the two competitors, and in a moment of weakness granted his claim to be over-lord of Scotland.

Edward, having made Baliol "King John," was resolved that his own rights as "over-lord" should be respected. But the old Celtic blood was too strong in Scotland for the people to submit. Even Baliol feebly strove to resist, and then, like the coward he was, "resigned" his crown into the hands of Edward and was sent to the Tower. The Scottish people never forgave King John for this. They took such a dislike to him that when on a later day a "John" came to the throne they made him change his name.

King Edward now gathered an army, overran Scotland, and put his English troops into the castles. He took with him to England the crown and sceptre, the "Lia Fail" or Stone of Destiny on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned, he plundered the monasteries of their earliest writings, and destroyed all historical documents that he could lay his hands on. More than that, he took with him the "Holy Rood" that the people prized. It was said to be a certified fragment of the true Cross, and had been given to the nation by a queen they loved.

Upper Annandale suffered much at this time. The father of the wife of Halliday at Corehead was killed at Lochmaben; and that castle, instead of being in the kindly hands of the "Lord of Annandale," was a garrison for English soldiers, who plundered the people and oppressed them in every way.

The little brother of the "leddy of Corehead" had gone with his mother beyond the Tay. His name was William

Wallace. The Wallace family were of the same family as the Welsh race—and like all Celtic people were high-spirited and noble, and brave. William Wallace grew up a young giant. He lived with an uncle, an old priest, who taught him many things when he taught him Latin. He had a rhyme in Latin that went deep into the heart of the growing boy, and which in after years he often repeated.

> "My son, I tell thee soothfastly,
> No gift is like to liberty,
> Then never live in slavery."

One day Wallace, then a great tall lad of seventeen with giant-like strength, went a-fishing. He had a companion who carried his basket. He had just landed a good haul of trout when up came some English soldiers and demanded the fish. The young fisher offered to give them a part, but nothing would do for them but the whole.

This was too much for the boy's Celtic blood. He hated the English because of his father's death. And he scornfully refused to part with his fish. There was a free fight. Wallace hardly realising his own great strength, killed a soldier and picked up his sword. Then, slashing right and left, he killed other two, and was victor.

There was now something else than fish to fry. The hue and cry was up. The lad had to flee for his life. Wallace now lived the life of an adventurer, and was joined by a few others who had also offended the English. Not long out of his teens, when things seemed dark and hopeless, he, with four of his followers, came to Corehead, at the birth-place of the Annan Water.

The Corrie of Annan is a narrow dark ravine called now the "Deil's Beef Tub." At the entrance to it was the Castle of Corehead, the home of the sister of Wallace. The narrow deep glen is perfectly hid, and formed at a later age the hiding-place for cattle stolen by raiders. But it has a still greater history, for here were mustered the small devoted band who went with the courage of heroes to strike the first great blow for Scotland's freedom, and to win the great prize of the Borderland, the Castle of Lochmaben.

The sister of Wallace must have been much older than her brother, for we find her son "Tam Halliday" one of the leaders under his uncle; also a cousin Edward Little.

Two very firm friends of William Wallace were married to Hallidays of Corehead. One man Wallace relied on,

Sir William Wallace.

Sir John the Graham, the other man whom Wallace made Lord of Lochmaben Castle, Johnstone of Eskdale.

People say a man never gets his own relations to believe in him. Wallace did. He came with four followers.

He rode out with sixteen, and how many more Upper Annandale men were trysted to follow him we cannot tell. There were four big lairds in Upper Annandale then. The laird of Corehead, the laird of Moorland, laird of Granton, and laird of Reddings. Reddings means a clearing in the wood, so there must have been more trees then than now.

French of Frenchland must have come to the brae above Ellerbeck before that, as the French family, according to Mr Bennet, appear first in records about the year 1218. Over at Evandale there were other lairds with powerful followings. But though these and others might ride over to the Corrie of Annan to hold council together, it was not wise to alarm the English till the blow was to be struck.

Wallace with his band of sixteen "of goodly chevalry" set off quietly to visit Lochmaben town, and to hear mass there. The end of this ride down the glen was a desperate battle near Queensberry, and to the west of Kinnel Water. Wallace had been pursued by the English soldiers from Lochmaben Castle, and might have been defeated had not Sir John the Graham and Kirkpatrick of Torthorwald come up with reinforcements. The Scottish warriors won the day. Where the battle was fought is a ravine that is called "the Bledy Gill," from the blood that ran down to its little burn that day: English blood, for Wallace is said not to have lost a man. So ended this ride down Upper Annandale.

Wallace now captured Lochmaben Castle, and put in his kinsman, Johnstone of Eskdale, as keeper. In the days that followed, Wallace fought with much success in Dumfriesshire. By the banks of Kinnel Water there is a place pointed out as "Wallace's Loup," where, it is said, Wallace made a leap for life and liberty. The people point with pride to two deep hollows which they say were made by the strong, iron-shielded knees of Wallace, as he half fell before scrambling up the wooded banks.

Chapter VI.

THE VILL OF MOFFAT.

The nicht was cauld,
The carle was wat,
And doon ayont
The ingle he sat.

IN the days of the Bruce there were twenty-five larger Vills in Annandale. Moffat was one of these, and the only one in Upper Annandale.

Just about the time the first Bruce was made Lord of Annandale there was erected on the ridge of hill land, above the upper valley of the Annan, a very beautiful chapel, of which the gables only now remain. This chapel was erected by the "Knights of St. John." These knights were ordinary monks, who, in a monastery, were set apart to take charge of sick pilgrims, relieve their wants, and give "hospitality without grudging." In ancient times "hospitals" were built close to the chapels for the accommodation of strangers and the relieving of the sick and poor. The reason why the chapel and hospital were built in such a lonely place seems to be, that the Roman road into Clydesdale from Upper Annandale passes near where the chapel stands. Such people, therefore, as required help could go in there and be relieved. The wounded followers of the Bruce could also be carried to these monks, who, many of them, were skilled in surgery. The building there was doubtless known all along the valley. The sick, wounded, aged poor, and weary wanderers, all made their way to the "hospital" on the hill.

Round the ruin of the chapel are foundations of other buildings, supposed to be the remains of the hospital and cloisters. The Knights of St. John were founded in 1099, but in 1118 they added another duty to their home ones, the obligation to fight against the infidel. The Templars, founded in 1110, had made it their creed to "protect pilgrims in the Holy Land," which seemed grander and more noble than merely looking after the wounds of rough Scotsmen, and feeding the wandering poor.

Kirkbryderigg (Chapel of St. Cuthbert).

These buildings above Moffat, after being in use many years by the "Knights of St. John," came into possession of the newer Knights Templars.

St. Bernard interested himself greatly in favour of the "Knights Templars," so much so that many wealthy members were added to the body, making it very powerful, and at length so troublesome that the Order was suppressed in 1316. The little monastery, hospital and chapel could not be very long in use on the "Chapel Hill." But while the Templars were in power they planted several chapels in the district.

Like other monasteries, this one of Kirkbryderigg had lands round the chapel which they let out in farms and "tofts." These lands extend to Gardenholm, where there is likely to have been at one time a fruit garden connected with Kirkbryderigg.

The Knights Templars had land on the other side of the Annan valley, and a chapel at Walls near Alton. I do not know to what saint this early chapel at the "Auld Toon" was dedicated. The knights dedicated their own to St. Cuthbert, and one that they erected at Wamphray, to their good old friend St. Bernard. There is said to have been a small chapel in Evan valley. Its name was Lann-Bedleim—Church of Bethlehem—now turned into Langbedholm. Near Beattock is a place at one time called "Blackdomholm," and now Blackdome or Blackdub. This is considered to point to a small chapel and dwelling there. The Knights of St. John wore a black dress with a white cross on the breast; the Templars wore a white cloak with a red cross, and a cross on their banner. Some of the chapels were very small, a mere cell consecrated with a holy relic, a small altar, and a cross. The dome or oratory may have been erected by the "black monks" of St. John at the time when they erected the larger buildings on the hill. The regular clergy or "parish priests" seem to have looked on these knights as some of our modern ministers look on the Salvation Army, and, doubtless, would not regret their departure. There were, as now, five parishes in Upper Annandale. Dumgree, founded by the monks of Melrose, in 1660 had its parish divided among neighbouring parishes, though the church continued in use.

Moffat at this time had its "bake-houses and brew-houses," and *yill-making* seems to have been the principal business in the "burgh toon" for many years. Each burgh prided itself on its skill in some particular trade. The water for this brewing is said to have been got at the lower spring

at Larchhill. The land, as elsewhere, was tilled by free farmers and "carles." The feudal system was in full swing. That is—a king grants land on condition that the lord is ready to fight for him in his battles, and the great lord grants smallers bits of the land on like terms, and so on downward. Thus a great lord had so many gentlemen and yeomen he could bring into the field. One lord might be able to raise five hundred horse, and if he had strengthened his position by marriage, he might double that. In those days daughters were a marketable commodity to a Border Laird. They were handed over to this laird and that laird, as if they were a parcel of goods. Sometimes the girls fell in love with the wrong man, and if the man was the son of her father's enemy, there was a romance; or it might be a tragedy.

"The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they 'll see nae mair.
. . . . .

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain true loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair."

However, as a rule, the fathers were very sharp at finding suitable husbands for the daughters; and there is a story told of one laird who was about to hang a man, when his good wife interfered, and said, "Why was he going to hang the bonnie lad when their muckle-moothed Meg was not likely to get a husband?" The poor fellow was given his choice between death and marriage. He chose the latter, and with muckle-moothed Meg rode away home; in all future time to be bound to stand by her father when he had a quarrel,—that being always part of the matrimonial bargain.

The feudal system fell heaviest upon the tillers of the soil and the labouring classes. The Johnstones, Maxwells, Douglases, and other lairds in Annandale and elsewhere had a certain freedom. They could club together and defy the ruling powers. Even alone they could stand out when they were displeased. But away down the line the burden was very heavy. Nor was the burden altogether lifted till 1775, when the serfdom of the miners in Scotland

was abolished. Till then, when certain lands were sold the people passed with the property.

At the time of Robert the Bruce there was not much freedom for either farmers or their workers. The labourers were bound to remain on their master's land, and if they tried to escape they were brought back as deserters. They were required as war material. The small farmer had to have so many men he could bring into the field, or the laird would reckon with him. The laird again had a bigger laird over him. When Johnstone of Lochwood could raise a thousand horse in a week's notice, there was a commotion all down the classes to the poorest.

Every one was obliged to provide his own arms, and as his life might depend on his skill, he learned to use them in a business-like manner. The poorest cottar had weapons, got in former wars, which he valued highly and learned to use freely. The bow and arrow kept long in fashion, and the Scottish archers were famed from Celtic time for their skill. Robert the Bruce commanded every man, who possessed the value of a cow, to provide himself with a bow and a sheaf of arrows, or with a spear. In the reign of James I. there was a law made:—"That all men task them to be archers, frae they be *twelve years of eld*, and that in ilk ten pound worth of land there be made bow-marks, and especially near paroche kirks, where upon haly days men may come, and at least shoot thrice about, and have usury of archery." As the Kerr is near our old "paroche kirk" it is likely the shooting would be there. Or it might be in Moffat Holm where there is a road that of old was named Bowplay, but is now advanced to Ballplay. "The men" of twelve years of age would, no doubt, be energetic if they were like the men of that age now. There is said also to have been an old Scottish law that prohibited the lads in the lower classes from wearing covering on their feet till they were fourteen, so as to make them hardy for the wars. This hardening of the young was much in favour, as we read of an old Highland chief, who when he found his son sleeping among the heather with his head resting on a stone, kicked away the pillow, and rebuked his folly of refinement.

In contrast to this rose up the "burgh tounes." When now a days we read of a man receiving the "freedom of the burgh," we look on it as we would on a woman getting

an afternoon tea, a polite form of entertainment that means nothing, and does not cost much. But in the old times the freedom of a burgh meant a great deal. Especially to a poor down-trodden cottar, who did not dare to leave the land he was "thirled to," or he would be brought back with force, and maybe have an ear shorn off to warn him to remain in the "station in which Providence had placed him." If, however, one of these men could go to a burgh and buy a house, and, keeping out of sight of his old friends, could live there *a year and a day*, that man received the "freedom of the burgh," and might henceforth walk on "the croon o' the caussie," none daring to make him afraid. The tounesmen or burgers were a proud lot, and very careful of their rights and privileges. They supplied the surrounding district with their goods, and one burgh did not dare to interfere with another burgh.

At first all the burghs were merely trading communities. But by degrees each formed itself into a little commonwealth, with its own laws and own ways. They thus stood as a wall of defence for the rights of the "toune," the big laird not daring to meddle with their workers, nor force any burger to fight against his will. They had their meetings on their "moot-hill" when business was discussed, and if the souter, or the smith, or the weaver, or the miller, had cheated anyone, they had ways and means of forcing him to be honest henceforth. In the days of David I., when the first Bruce came to Upper Annandale, the burghs then in existence were given the right of self-government and protected by law. These royal burghs flourished so well and enriched so many, that the barons and lords tried to get other trading towns made burghs, so there came to be burghs of regality and barony. In the reign of Charles I. Moffat was erected into a "Burgh of Barony and Regality." Moffat was to have a market cross, to have four fairs at certain dates, to have a weekly market on Friday, and to be "called in all time coming, the burgh and regality of Moffat." There is mention made of "all the tenements, acres, cottages, houses, buildings, gardens, tofts, and other pertinents." It is also described as "lying within the lordship and regality of Dalkeith." This is explained by the fact that the Douglases of Lothian had, in early times, a baronial jurisdiction over certain lands in several shires which were in the "regality

of Dalkeith," of which Moffat was one. Moffat, however, must have been a burgh before this; in fact, must have been one about the time of Robert the Bruce. For in some old charters vassals are bound to pay "at the Courts of the Burgh."

Auchencas, near Moffat.

Chapter VII.

AUCHENCAS.

"And the young Earl o' Moray,
Oh, he might ha'e been a king!"

IN the struggle before and after Bannockburn, King Robert the Bruce had two friends on whom he relied. One was the good Sir James Douglas, to whom the king granted certain lands in Moffatdale; the other, Sir Thomas Randolph, the king's nephew, to whom he gave the lordship of Annandale.

Sir Thomas Randolph was also created Earl of Moray: a most unlucky title that has gone about in a strange fashion all down Scottish history. It seems to have settled now. But in the old days it never brought "guid luck" to its possessor.

This new Earl of Moray, on being made lord of Annandale, set himself to build a strong tower. The site he chose was one that commanded a view down the valley of the Annan. It is on the shoulder of a hill that was called by the Celtic name of Auchencas, and the ravine near called by the old people Gairpol. A strong Roman fort had been erected not far off, and it is likely that the Roman fort succeeded an earlier fort built by the ancient Britons. So the situation was one coveted by every general among them who saw Auchencas stand boldly out above the rocky Evan.

Auchencas is a ruin; but there is enough to show us its splendid proportions. One of the corner turrets is almost entire. The walls are of great strength and thickness, and are bound together with great blocks of granite. The interior of the quadrangle is 120 feet.

In its day of glory and renown Auchencas must have been a wonderful building. Doubtless the grim earl expected it to go down to all the ages as the stately home of the Morays.

When King Robert the Bruce died, the kingdom went to his son David, who was only four years of age, and was named David II. The Earl of Moray was appointed

regent, and the nation was satisfied that their interests were in safe hands.

The earl was very severe and strict in his manner of administrating justice. He was a soldier to the finger-tips, and one who meant to have his laws obeyed. Annandale must have been well governed in those days, though we read of nothing special going in Strathannan. It is only said that in his days the "rash bush kept the cow." So raiding was not in fashion, except you crossed the Border. It was always lawful to steal from an Englishman.

The earl seems to have had a special dislike of men who raided their own countrymen. Such thieves were not uncommon, and were severely dealt with by Earl of Moray when regent of Scotland. Going to Ellandonan Castle, in the Highlands, to punish the thieves, he hung fifty of them round the tower. As he went down the loch in a barge he looked at the lifeless bodies and said that "he loved better to look on them than on any garland of roses he had ever seen."

To prevent robberies and bring about a feeling of security among the well-doing in Scotland, he made a law that iron tools and plough-gear should be left in the field, and that men should not shut their house doors nor stable doors at night. If anything was stolen, the sheriff of the county was to repair the loss, and the king was to repay the sheriff. To see that this law was carried out he travelled through Scotland holding courts of justice; and as he was determined to see honesty in full swing, woe betide the unlucky wretch who had, like the Highlandman, found a cow on his way from Edinburgh to Dumfries. There was prompt execution.

Such an active life, after the hardships of his youth, could not but wear out the body of the strongest warrior. The earl died suddenly at Musselburgh, July, 1332.

This was a great misfortune for Scotland. The good Sir James Douglas, his comrade in arms, had fallen in battle not long before. There did not seem to be one fitted, as they were, to watch the Borders and keep the "auld enemy" from crossing and once again making Scotland lose her dearly-bought liberty. And the poor young king was merely a little child.

The "good Sir James," lord of Douglas, received as his reward from the Bruce the "whole land of Polmoodie

within the vale of Moffat." This land was to be held by the grantee and his heirs, off the king and his heirs, for rendering twelve broad arrows yearly. The lands of Polmoodie contain the highest mountain range in the south of Scotland. Thus in settling his two comrades in arms, King Robert the Bruce was careful to give them lands not far from each other. The Earl of Moray was in Evandale, and Sir James Douglas in Moffatdale, east and west of the head of Annandale. Sir James Douglas was tall, strong and well-made. He was dark-haired and dark-skinned, from which fact he got the name of "the Black Douglas." Once he heard a woman sing to her child—

> "Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

Laying his iron-gloved hand on her shoulder he said to the terrified Englishwoman, "You are not so sure of that." However, the good Sir James protected the woman and child when he took the castle of Roxburgh.

Some one observed to him once that it was strange a knight who had seen so much service should yet have a face with not a scar. "I thank Heaven that I always had hands to protect my face," he answered readily.

When King Robert the Bruce died he asked the good Sir James to take charge of his heart, which was to be taken out of his body after death and carried to Jerusalem. Sir James wept sorely, and promised to obey. The heart of the Bruce was embalmed and put in a silver case. Then Sir James set off with a train of brave soldiers. But he got no further than Spain, where he volunteered to assist the king to fight the Moorish infidels. The enemy pressing round him, Douglas took the silver case that hung from his neck with a string of silk and gold, and saying, "Pass first in fight as thou were wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die." Then he rushed forward to the place where it had fallen, and there, fighting, was slain.

When Sir James Douglas and the Earl of Moray were dead, the troubles the people dreaded came to pass. Edward Baliol, son of John Baliol, claimed the crown of Scotland, then acknowledged King Edward III. of England as his "liege lord and superior," and, aided by English

lords and their followers, came to Scotland to assert his rights. The people were mad at Baliol's want of independence, and, however they might have been disposed to him as king if he used but worthy means to forward his cause, were not meaning to have him when he had sold the liberty and rights of the Scottish nation in order to forward his own ambition.

In gloomy, dark December, in the year 1332, this Edward Baliol encamped at Moffat, with his English lords and some turn-coats of Scottish gentlemen. When the Moffat folk had been bringing in their corn in the harvest, horsemen had come in and told them that this Edward Baliol had got himself crowned at Scone. That was two months past, and now, the king they did not acknowledge, the king who meant to sell the rights that Wallace and the Corehead lads had fought for, was come among them trying to win them over to his side. They do not seem to have said much: only kept out of his way till he had marched away south, his banners flying, and his armour glittering in the December sun as the great army marched gloriously down past the Meeting of the Waters, past the rushing Dryfe, along the Annanside till it reached the Castle of Annan; from whence Edward Baliol sent out messages, calling on the lords at Upper Annandale and all others to come to Annan Castle and do him homage. So sure was he of success that he began to feast and make merry on the long December nights. He had England at his back; Scotland was almost won. That little David, the son of the Bruce, had neither Randolph nor Douglas to defend him.

Ay, but he had Upper Annandale to defend him. He had as friends the men who had struck the first great blow for Scotland's freedom in the days of Wallace. These men submit to England! Nay, they would never submit to the England that had killed their hero, Sir William Wallace; and cutting his body in quarters, had set it up throughout the country of Scotland as a warning. A warning?—it had been the first thing that made Scotland's freedom possible.

And now they remembered it. They spoke of it openly in the Kerr of Moffat as men looked to their harness, and looked to their arms; as the smiths of Moffat sweated as they repaired armour and sharpened old swords; as men

rode in with horses, and lads hardly out of their teens looked sideways and saw admiration in the eyes of the women. Old men who had fought at Bannockburn eighteen years before; young lads who had to win their spurs; the lairds from Annan, Evan, Kinnel, Moffat, Burnock, Fruid, Clyde, and Tweed, and other smaller waters, all eager to avenge the insult to the Scottish nation.

John Randolph, the second son of the earl, was there mustering his men. Archibald Douglas, a brother of the good Lord James, had his Moffatdale lads and others with their war-cry, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" Also another Douglas, Sir William Douglas, a natural son of Sir James, a soldier who was brave and fearless. He had married the heiress of Graham of Dalkeith. Sir William had the castle of Hermitage in Liddesdale, and was known as the Knight of Liddesdale. He had with him a gathering of Liddesdale lads. There were also Simon Fraser and others. Over a thousand horse in all, raised in a day and a half.

"Ready, aye ready!" shouted the Moffat lads as they rode down the Kerr at the darkening, and the sweethearts and wives cheered their going.

Gallop, gallop, down the glen! only halting at intervals to be joined by others and get the latest news from the burgh moor of Annan, where the false Baliol was encamped. Was there no one to spy on their doings? Not one: else the night ride had been in vain. The Dryfe was rushing to the Annan filled full with the December rains when the riders flew past Lockerbie like the wind. Dark and darker was the night. But never a halt; light or dark they knew the road to the Border well enough. Baliol's army was at their ease after their feasting, fearing no ill, when, like something unearthly, the lads and lairds from the Kerr of Moffat dashed in among them and cut the guards of Baliol to pieces. Many were killed; among them Henry Baliol. The poor craven, would-be king woke out of his sleep to find the enemy almost at his side. Without stopping to put on clothes, he got hold of a cart horse, and without a saddle, rode off for dear life over the Border, the cold December wind chilling him to the bone as he leaned over and held the great lumbering horse, trying his hardest to urge it forward. Well might he ride hard. If the lads from Upper Annandale had got him that night, they would

have had no mercy. As it was, I fear the poor flying figure was a joke in Annandale for many a day after. To cut such a sorry figure was to lose all chance of success. A king may stand all things but his people's scornful laughter.

The only daughter of the Earl of Moray was married to the Earl of March, who must have been a contrast to his wife, Black Agnes. The Earl of March was a little of facing-both-ways. But Black Agnes had learned lessons from her father when she lived at Auchencas, and was strong-minded and firm-willed. The English being now determined to subdue Scotland, and hating the race of Moray, saw their chance when the Earl of March was from home, and came in force with the Earl of Salisbury at their head to besiege the Castle of Dunbar, expecting an easy victory.

The Castle was strong, and built on a chain of rocks stretching out into the sea. Stronger still was the Countess, who never seemed to sleep, and watched every move. Huge stones were flung at the castle out of the machines in use before cannon. But they could not make her afraid. She walked on the battlements, with a white napkin in her hand, touching the walls here and there as if wiping off the dust. But even then she was directing her archers. One knight was killed at the side of Earl Salisbury, who said grimly, as the knight fell from his horse: "That is one of my lady's love-tokens; Black Agnes's love-shafts pierce the heart." When her castle was relieved the minstrels sang songs about her.

> "She kept a stir on tower and trench,
> That brawling, boisterous Scottish wench;
> Came I early, came I late,
> I found Agnes at the gate."

Chapter VIII.

THE DOUGLAS.

"Douglas, a name through all the world renowned—
A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound:
Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed through the bloody strife."

THE powerful House of Douglas—that first found fame after Bannockburn—as years went on, increased in riches, in honour, and in power, till they even looked to the throne itself, and spoke openly at times of their claims and rights to wear the crown. When the Lordship of Annandale was given to a Douglas, the people were not displeased. The house of Douglas was always popular with the people of Scotland. They could always be depended on to fight for the "Auld Scottish Nation." They were of Celtic race, proud and haughty to their equals, but kindly to their inferiors, and very brave and fearless in battle.

Earl Douglas, as Lord of Annandale, was not meaning to be caught napping by the Englishmen while he ruled Annandale, so he perfected a plan for giving quick information, so as to be prepared for a visit from Cumberland thieves, or a raid by some lord who wanted to avenge old scores. Annandale was to be provided with beacons, or bale fires, that would shine out like the lamps on a street, only they were to be lighted on hills some miles apart, all up the valley. There were eleven stations, beginning with Repentance Hill in Lower Annandale. The last three were in Upper Annandale; one shone on Kinnel Knock, above the Kinnel Water; another on Bleeze Hill, on the west side of the valley; while the third flamed out on Gallowhill, the hill that lies behind the Kerr of Moffat, and below Hartfell. These three beacons would warn the farmers and lairds who lived in the five glens to the head of Annandale, that they must drive their cattle far into the recesses of the wild mountainland, and also carry away as much of their household stuff as they could with them.

As for the houses, they would be burned to the ground or a "rickle o' stanes" on their return, but, thank God, heather grew all around for thatch, and the auld house was soon raised up again. When any one tells us that we have no picturesque old cottages such as they have in England, let us remember, that in the early days, the Howe of Annandale was laid level several times in a man's lifetime, and there was no use of spending time and labour in the building of cottages. The lairds building their peels had need to make them strong, for the English were keen foes.

Not only were the beacons lighted from Repentance Hill upward when the enemy was coming, but they told the strength of the advancing force by certain signals. In the charter of Moffat Burgh there is mention of "Douglas Acker." On it Douglas may have held his court amid the assembled vassals, and the sturdy burgers and yill-makers of Moffat. There would be matters to arrange, matters to quarrel about, much the same as the Provost of Moffat and the members of his Council work to this day. The banner of the Douglas would float lazily on the breeze. Boys would play on the outskirts of the crowd. And the grim Lord of Annandale with his quick eye and ready wit would sentence some poor soul to pit or gallows with a ready jest.

Being Lord of Annandale was but a stepping-stone to higher honours. On the death of David II. the crown went to his nephew, Robert, who was a son of Marjory, the daughter of Robert the Bruce. He began the unlucky line of the Stewarts. On his death in 1390, the crown went to his eldest son, named John, but as that name was considered never to bring good fortune to a king, the name was changed to Robert, and he became Robert III. This king sent his yonng son James to France, but the English captured him on the way, and kept him a prisoner for nineteen years. When he was thirty he returned to Scotland, and brought with him an English wife, his "milk-white dove," as the poet king called her. Scotland was now in a most unhappy condition, and nowhere was there greater misery than in Annandale. Since the days of Robert the Bruce there had been a feeble government, and great barons, who held all laws in scorn, except what suited their own convenience. Border feuds, revenges, injustice, and oppression had grown with the building of each Border Peel. Even the Earls of Douglas were never

at rest but when they were fighting, and one Douglas had starved his enemy to death in his Castle of Hermitage, while another boasted, "But, blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down beds."

Notwithstanding this confusion, James I. was determined to bring some degree of order into the unhappy kingdom. "If I am spared," said he, "I shall bring in a change such as men little dream of. There is not the wildest spot where the key shall not keep the castle, and the bracken buss the cow." For thirteen years he ruled well. There were some grumblers. For he tried to restrain the power of the nobles, and he increased the taxes, which was hard on the working classes, on whom such burdens mainly fall. The taxes were exacted that he might keep the authority of the throne and maintain justice. England had also sent in a bill for "board and education" *while they had kept him prisoner*, which amounted to £40,000, a large sum in these days, and which fell on the burghers of Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen. This must have made little towns like Moffat very glad they were only "burghs of regality and barony."

There was one baron whom the king found himself unable to restrain, the Lord of Annandale, Archibald, Earl Douglas. He rode out with a thousand horse as if he were a king, and no one dared meddle with him.

On his way to spend Christmas at Perth, King James was met by an old Highland prophetess at the ferry.

"My lord the king, if you pass this water you will not return alive," she cried.

He laughed at her fears, and all went merry as a marriage bell. One night in February the woman came again, but it was late. They would not let her see the king.

Shortly after, as the poet-king stood all unarmed in nightgown and slippers, strange men broke in, and the poor king was most cruelly murdered.

If the people had murmured at the taxes, and the nobles at the firm laws, there was nothing but sorrow at the death of the handsome James I.

Archibald Douglas, Lord of Annandale, had risen to great honours and riches. He was fourteenth Lord Douglas, first Earl of Wigton, Lord of Bothwell, Galloway, and Annandale, Duke of Touraine, Lord of Longueville and Marshal of France. At the time of the king's death,

and for two years after, he rode as a king through Scotland. James II. had come to the throne at the age of six, and two statesmen managed the kingdom for him. They were not good friends, but they both combined against the great power of the House of Douglas.

A chance came to crush the foe when, on the death of the Earl of Douglas, the title went to William, a boy of sixteen. Seeing the new earl a little vain of his title, they invited him, and his brother David, to Edinburgh Castle to visit the young king, James II., who seems to have had no dream of treachery, and was eager to see them. Certain old friends of the Douglas family warned the lads; but the warnings seemed folly when the lads were received with a hearty welcome from the young king, James II., who at this time was a handsome boy of eight, with a red mark on his face, by which he got the name of "James of the fiery face."

In the midst of the rejoicings there was an entertainment that made the Douglas lads start to their feet with a cry of despair. Before them was placed the head of a young bull—the sentence of death. The young king wept and fell on his knees.

"Spare them! spare them!" he cried, as he "grat very sair."

The lads were carried out. In a few minutes the dull thud of the headsman's axe came to the ears of the young king. An old ballad says—

> "Edinburgh Castle, town and tower,
> God grant thou sink for sin;
> And that even for the black dinner
> Earl Douglas got therein."

The Annandale estates now went to James Douglas, called "the Gross," as he was fat and lazy. Two years after they passed to William Douglas, who lived for revenge, and might have been king, had he been as wise as he was brave. For twelve years he was in power as Lord of Annandale, also Warder of the West Marches, and did good work by perfecting the system of beacon signalling. But such work could not content him. He had all the haughty temper of the Douglas, and several times showed but little respect for the king's authority. Then he and the Earls of Crawford and Ross formed a bond, by which they bound themselves to take each other's part in every

quarrel, and against every man, the king himself not excepted. By this action they were able to bring into the field a larger army than the king himself.

James of the fiery face, now grown to manhood, heard of this, and sent for Earl Douglas to meet him in Stirling. The earl went, first taking every precaution to secure his own safety, though he considered he was too powerful to be treated as his cousins had been. On the whole, he was not unwilling to meet the king and have speech with him. At first the king was friendly. Then he ordered Douglas to break the bond. Douglas haughtily refused. The king got in a rage, and cried, "By heaven, my lord, if ye will not break the league, this shall." Then without a warning, the dagger was plunged to the heart of the proud Douglas.

The earldom now went to a brother named James. For two years there was war between the king and the house of Douglas. On the first of May, 1455, there was a battle fought where Langholm now stands, and the power of the great Douglas family was crushed. The earl fled to England, where he was to be an exile for twenty years. During this struggle the people of Annandale stood bravely by their lord, and the valley suffered much in the Douglas wars. On the rebellion being crushed, James of the fiery face made his second son Lord of Annandale.

The next appearance of Earl Douglas was when he came to assist in another rebellion. James of the fiery face was dead, and the new King James was a miser, who kept much treasure in what was termed the "King's Black Kist." He was fond of all kinds of low society, and the haughty nobles thought him a most unkingly king. His brother, the Duke of Albany, who had been made Lord of Annandale, was more to their mind. He was tall, handsome, and proud with a kingly air. So they rebelled against the king, sent for the old Earl of Douglas, and tried to put the duke on the throne.

The cry of "A Douglas" had often won the battle in days gone by. But it did not on that woeful day near Lochmaben. The rebels were defeated. The duke fled to England. And old Earl Douglas wandered about, his only thought one of gladness to be back in his "ain countrie," with the hills of Annandale round him. A price of 100 merks in land and 1000 in money was on his head. He was met by a brother of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who

had once served him as a squire. He surrendered to him, saying—"I have fought long enough against my fortune." He told Kirkpatrick to take him to the king, claim the reward, and see that the king keep his word. To all Kirkpatrick's pleading he would not yield. Kirkpatrick offered to go into exile with him. But the earl had enough of exile. "Thou wert true to me when I was true to myself," he answered. Kirkpatrick, however, hid him till he came to terms with the king. The king spared his life, but sentenced him to confinement for life in the monastery of Lindores. "He who may do no better must needs turn monk," said the senseless king. The king gave Kirkpatrick the lands of Raehills, his miserly heart grudging to pay full price.

As years went on, the king became more grasping, and the nobles still more enraged at him. In despair, the king having put his treasure in Edinburgh Castle, went to the monastery and saw old Earl Douglas. Knowing the power even his name had in days when he was Lord of Annandale, the king offered him forgiveness and reconciliation, if he would but come back to the world, stand by him, the king, and make the king's cause his own.

The brave old Douglas looked at the cowardly king, and answered, "Ah, sir, your Grace has kept me and your black casket so long under lock and key, that the time in which we might have done you good service is past and gone."

The king turned away. He went to fight his rebel subjects; to bear the hot rush of the Borderers of Annandale and Liddesdale with their long spears, and wild war cry; to find friends traitors; his own son in the ranks of his enemies; to lie weak and wounded, crying for a priest that he might seek peace with heaven. Then to be murdered by the unknown priest as crying, "This shall give thee peace," he plunged the dagger in the heart of the king.

So ended the power of the great Douglas family in Annandale. The old monk was the last Earl Douglas, and some say he was the unknown priest who killed the king. The name of Douglas still lingers in Annandale, as a ballad says—

> "So many, so good as of the Douglasses have been,
> Of one surname in Scotland never yet were seen."

Chapter IX.

FLODDEN.

"Not so the Borderer—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell." —*Marmion.*

WHEN the family of the Black Douglas was crushed by the King of Scotland, there rose into favour another branch of the same family, who had stood by the king, the family of the Red Douglas. It was a common saying, that the Red Douglas had put down the Black. The Red Douglas was quite as fond of power as the Black Douglas had been, and as often led the Borderland into war. Sometimes it was civil war, and at other times a war with what they called the "Auld Enemy."

After the defeat of old Earl Douglas, Stewart of Annandale, the office was held under the Crown by Lord Maxwell. The Maxwell family from early times had estates in Upper Annandale, and like the Douglas family they were of Celtic race, hot and impulsive.

It has been said of the kings of Scotland named James, that there "never was a wise one among them." They were all a most unlucky race, and died early, leaving young children to take in their feeble hands the reins of the government. James I. was murdered, James II. was killed at the siege of Roxburgh, James III. was killed by the unknown priest, and James IV. was killed at Flodden. These four had all tried to curb the wild and powerful Scottish nobles. But the nobles needed a stronger hand to curb them than the hand of a Stewart. Perhaps, too, it was as well the nobles stood out against the power of the throne, for they were, with all their faults, a wall of defence, guarding the liberties and rights of the nation.

When James IV. marched away to the field of Flodden, with the flower of the Scottish nation with him, he had a

large gathering of Border lads, and among them must have been many from Upper Annandale, as the men of Annandale were renowned for their skill with their long spears. They got the name of the "thieves of Annandale" in times of peace, but whenever the nation went to war these same thieves had to turn out. The fields might lie unreaped, the children cry for bread, wives might go mourning all their lives for the brave husbands and bonnie sons. But Robin from Evandale and Jock from the Kinnelheid must needs go off, each with his steel bonnet, his long spear, and his forty days' provisions tied up in a poke on his back. A stout poke it was, for he made it strong, thinking on the coming use for it. His coat was a steel Jack, a coat of leather with steel quilted into it. The burghers of Moffat also went, and as they were wealthy men, they had wonderful new contrivances which had been invented to keep out English long arrows and sharp spears.

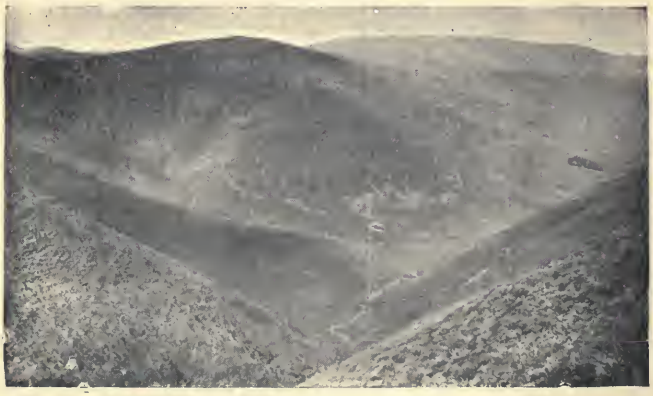
But the home-coming was sad. There is no ballad to tell of it but the saddest ballad of all:

> "At e'en in the gloamin', nae younkers are roaming
> 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
> But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
> The Flo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away.
>
> We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin';
> Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
> Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
> The Flo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

Some of the Border towns had all their adult male population "wede away;" and with the king had been killed two bishops, two abbots, twelve earls, thirteen Lords of Parliament, the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, and one or more of nearly every well-known family in the kingdom. Not only these, but 10,000 of the "commoner sort," the men who were fathers, and sons, and bread-winners. No wonder the Scottish people made no ballad of Flodden, only the wild and eerie lament.

There was now a child on the throne of Scotland, and the widow of the king married the Red Douglas. This queen was a sister of Henry VIII. of England. In Dumfriesshire, Lord Maxwell was King of the Borderland, and not even the Red Douglas nor the queen herself dare to meddle with him. The nobles in the Borderland were not now held with the firm hand of a Bruce, and every

laird of any consequence had his strong tower to run to. In every glen, opening up from Upper Annandale, these towers rose up. Away up in lonely Evandale and Dryfesdale they were there. There were lesser lairds, and bigger lairds, such as Lord Maxwell and Scott of Buccleuch, who kept any one from meddling with the Clans of the Borderland. The clans had private feuds which were kept up from generation to generation, and into which were dragged peaceful people, who wished for nothing but quiet and to be left alone. The right hands of children were left unchristened so as to be able to work free of the christened soul. The whole country was full of disorder and lawless



"The Deil's Beef Tub."

doings. Among other practices, it was common to "steal frae England and frae Scotland baith." If the Annandale thieves were out on a Michaelmas moon, stealing their Winter Mart, the Armstrongs perhaps were riding on the same errand up Moffat Water. It was not only cattle they lifted; for it was told of one freebooter, that passing a hay stack, he said, "Waes me, if ye had but four feet ye wadna stand lang there."

There are still places pointed out where the stolen cattle were hid. The "Deil's Beef Tub" is the best known of them all. A second is in Kirkpatrick-juxta, called Palaceknowe, from "Pelisknowe," a knowe—that is, where had

been a *palisaded stockade* or keep for cattle in the days of the Reivers. This Palaceknowe is some miles from the Beef Tub and nearer the stronghold of the Johnstones. In Teviotdale there is the Gailliards Fauldes, where Johnstone of Wamphray, when he joined with the Eskdale thieves, hid his cattle. Altogether, I must confess, our Upper Annandale was a little peculiar in these times. They had a rhyming prayer they chanted merrily as they rode out:—

> "He that ordained us to be born,
> Send us mair meat for the morn;
> Come by right, or come by wrang,
> Christ, let us never fast owre lang,
> But blithely spend what 's gaily got.
> Ride, Ronald! hough 's in the pot!"

The young James V. came up to manhood, and shook himself free of control. He was a narrow-minded young fellow, fond of a show of authority, and by no means generous. He considered he was quite able to quell the Borderers. He did it in a fashion that is remembered to this day. The justice! he meted out is so uneven that he made more foes than friends among the common people, who made ballads, not in praise of the king, but in praise of his victims.

The king seems to have been close-minded as well as close-fisted. He began his great work by arresting Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, and some other powerful lords, who most certainly would have interfered with him had they been free. Then the king said he was going a-hunting, that the lords with him were to bring their best dogs; he was going to Ettrick forest to hunt the deer. He had a large army, but the people only thought he wanted to go in state. The "Flo'ers of the Forest" had been faithful to the father of this King James V., and had fought bravely for him at Flodden. They were true to the son now, and meant to entertain him loyally.

Cockburn of Henderland, Scott of Tushielaw, John Armstrong of Gilnockie, might be freebooters, but they were also great and powerful lairds, and were proud of being able to entertain their king.

"What wants he not a king should have?" said the king, as he saw Armstrong ride forward; so the laird must have busket him brawly.

The three lairds were hanged. Armstrong pled for his

life; but when refused, said, "It is folly to seek grace of a graceless foe."

The cunning the king displayed at this time took away any good such strong measures might have done. The road he went is still called "The King's Road"; but the "murder of John Armstrong and all his gallant company," of Cockburn, and of Scott, weaned the hearts of the Borderers from the throne. In later years Mary Queen of Scots had to pay part of the price when she too "sought grace frae a graceless foe," and found the common people of Scotland had lost the old devotion to the house of Stewart, and loved more the powerful nobles and lairds, their leaders in the Reformation.

James V. had some thoughts of hanging a few lairds in Upper Annandale, but he did not dare. They would have had their followers crying "Aye Ready" and the other war-cries, as they chased the king from the Borderland. He said of Lochwood, the stronghold of the Johnstones, that lies west of Upper Annandale, in a cosie corner in the dale, half hid in forest of oaks and peat-mosses: "The builder may have been outwardly an honest man, but he was at heart a knave"; which was a foolish thing to say, for the Johnstones had been good friends to him.

James V. now set about getting a wife, and fixed on a French one. He went to France to marry her, and while there saw one more to his taste, married her, and took her home to Scotland. But she, poor thing, only lived a few months, when he had to seek a second wife from France. This second wife was of the house of Guise, which was the cause of much trouble, for the Reformation was spreading rapidly through Scotland. The nobles were on the side of the Reformers, either openly or secretly, and the common people heard the new gospel gladly.

James V. seemed to get more selfish and cruel as years went on. He did several cruel and unwise things; but perhaps the worst was the burning of the sister of the banished Red Douglas on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, her crime being that she had practised against the life of the king by witchcraft and poison. This sister of the Earl of Angus was the wife of Campbell of Kepneith, a lady both young and beautiful; and there were not a few who blamed the king, and said that her principal crime was that she was a Douglas.

Henry VIII. of England was uncle to James V., but that did not hinder the Scottish king from marching south with an army intending to invade England. He got his army to the Borders, and there his barons refused to cross into England. Left in the lurch the king had to collect what men he could, and the result was a disgraceful defeat at Solway Moss. The night before the battle the king is said to have been troubled with nightmare—when a bloody shade came to him and said, "Cruel tyrant, thou hast unjustly murdered me." And then he saw the ghost cut him up by inches.

Full of shame, and anger, and remorse, the king retired to his palace of Falkland, shut himself up, and fretted himself to death. His two sons had died. His nobles had proved faithless; and yet they were the sons of men who had died at Flodden fighting for his father. He had at one time been in favour of the Reformation, and, like all facing-both-ways, had been true to neither side. The Red Douglas might rise again; Lord Maxwell was king of the Borderland; Johnstone of Annandale could wave his hand and a thousand men would leap on horseback: but the king died without a true friend.

Chapter X.

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY AND JOHN KNOX.

"I wis' our Queen had better friends;
I wis' our countrie better peace;
I wis' our lords wadna discord;
I wis' our wars at hame may cease."

THERE were two queens of that name who reigned in the days of John Knox. One was the widow of James V., who ruled as regent for her young daughter. The other was that young daughter, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots. The widow of James V. was a haughty Frenchwoman, a daughter of the Duke of Guise. Like all her kinsmen, she set herself to bar the way of the Reformation. She might as well have tried to "sweep back the Atlantic." Between her and the people were the nobles of Scotland, many of whom were in favour of the Reformed doctrines. It is true that they were not always disinterested, that they were enriched with the church lands. But the very fact of their joining the side of the Reformation in Scotland—be their motives worthy or not—prevented the wholesale slaughter and persecution which most certainly would have taken place had the Queen-Regent had her own free will. Mary Queen of Scots inherited from her mother the proud self-will that could brook no restraint, and which eventually led to her ruin. She had all the passion, love of romance, and love of pleasure that had made her father and grandfather disguise themselves and go in search of adventure.

"There was a beggar mannie,
And a-begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters within a landed toon,
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin'."

Such songs as these tell us of their adventures—adventures that might harm no one; but there was a greater work for the king to do than play the fool.

To a king, the voice of the people ought to be almost as sacred as the voice of God. Scotland was then passing through a period of change. And never did it need a firm ruler more than when Mary Queen of Scots came to the throne.

To read the history of the few years that she reigned in Scotland, is to wonder more and more how she could be so thoughtless. She may have been innocent of all crime, but even her French training does not excuse the "fool's paradise" in which she lived. Poor mad Mary! She had woman's wit enough to have ruled Scotland, and ruled it well.

It was well for Scotland that there was John Knox to turn to at this time. He had his faults, but none can say he sought honours or wealth for himself. He died plain John Knox, and left but a small fortune behind him. There is a tradition that John Knox preached in Upper Annandale, when at Dumfries, in 1562. But it is more likely that Annandale people had flocked to Dumfries to see and hear Scotland's uncrowned king, and brought back the things he said to tell it to the others. The Reformation was as closely connected with the name of John Knox as the Liberal cause, at a later date, was with the name of Gladstone. The two men were identical in two things; they were both thoroughly convinced of the truth of the cause they advocated, and thoroughly in earnest in defence of that cause.

The Reformation came very quietly to Upper Annandale. Lord Maxwell, while a prisoner in England, had heard the Reformed doctrines, and was so convinced of the truth of the new gospel and the wisdom of freedom in matters of religion, that whenever he returned to his own land—which was the year after the death of James V.—he introduced in the Scottish Parliament of 1543, the memorable Act permitting the reading of the English Bible. Cardinal Beaton and the French Party, who were helping the Queen Regent to "sweep back the Atlantic," were joined by the Archbishop of Glasgow, in whose diocese part of Upper Annandale lay. The Act was strongly opposed. But it was passed. Not even Cardinal Beaton in the greatness of his power dared to venture to repeal that law; and John Knox himself gave testimony to the great good that Act passed by the Scottish Parliament did to the cause of the

Reformation. Despite the penal laws against heresy, there was now a large circulation of Tyndale's English version of the Bible and other books, thus enabling the people to read in their own language the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Lord Maxwell was also wishful that Mary Queen of Scots should be married to Edward, son of Henry VIII.; and a good thing for her if she had been so married. Cardinal Beaton and the friends of the Queen-Regent were so angry at Lord Maxwell for these things that they seized Lochmaben Castle and other strongholds of the Maxwells.

Lord Maxwell's Act was in force till the Reformation was fairly established in Scotland; so he may have been said to have helped to lay the foundation of it. In later years the second son of this Lord Maxwell became a zealous supporter of Queen Mary, and was visited by her at Lochmaben Castle in 1565. His nephew became a Roman Catholic, and worked for that cause as energetically as his grandfather had worked for the Reformers. But by this time the Reformation was fairly established.

In conferring honours upon Bothwell, Queen Mary made him Lord Warden of the East, Middle, and West Marches, though the wardenship had usually been conferred upon three separate persons. Perhaps there never was a more unwise deed done by the poor Queen; for in raising Bothwell to such honours, she put from her the devotion of many of the Border lairds, whose grandfathers had gone so blithely to Flodden, and who would so willingly have fought in her cause had she but gained their good-will. Thus only one laird from Upper Annandale seems to have taken his followers to Langside. This laird was Laird of Raccleuch, in the valley of Evandale. There is a "pardon" in existence from James VI. to "Robert Johnstone of Raccleuch, for appearand with displayed banners at the battle of Langside."

It is said that Queen Mary and those with her rode down the Corrie of Annan, through Moffat, and down the Howe of Annandale in her mad flight of sixty miles. Lord Herries was with her. She stopped at Dundrennan in Galloway, with sixteen of her attendants, not a coin in her pocket, and no clothes but what she had on. The Queen stepped into a fishing boat on the evening of that Sunday in May, and as she watched the Scottish coast fade away, little thought she was leaving Scotland for ever. Poor Mary!

Moffatdale.

Chapter XI.

CORNAL TOWER.

AT the entrance of Moffatdale stands the ruin of an old Border Keep, called Cornal Tower. It was the mansion of the estate called Percornal, or Logan. This estate consisted of five farms—Craigbeck, Breconside, Logan-Woodhead, Logan-Woodfoot, and Crofthead. Percornal and many other lands were, early in the fifteenth century, granted by the Red Douglas, Earl of Angus, to his shield bearer, Carruthers of Mousewald. Mousewald means "Mosswald," wood in the moss, and lies south of Dumfries. The Carruthers family were "a gallant race of knights, distinguished in Border warfare from the time of Wallace downwards," Mr Charles Stewart tells us.

The estate of Logan did not long remain in the Carruthers family, but passed into other hands. And thereby hangs a strange romantic tale, told by tradition, and corroborated by the written records of the period. When Carruthers of Mousewald received the estate, the Red Douglas was holding the office of Lord of Annandale;

and doubtless it was with a view of helping to keep order in the troublesome upper portion that Carruthers was given Cornal Tower, and which is said to have been a hunting lodge for old Scottish kings.

While James V. wandered about disguised as the "Guidman of Ballengiech," and spied on those whom he suspected, heard gossip, and indulged in unkingly pleasures, the laird of Cornal Tower proudly saw his fair home brightened by the birth of two daughters. Six years after the death of the king, Carruthers himself died, and the girls were left the heiresses of Cornal Tower and the barony of Mousewald. Immediately on the death of their father, Sir James Douglas of Drumlanrig was granted the "ward and marriage" of the maidens of Cornal Tower. Somehow or other this arrangement was resented by Charles Murray of Cockpool, whose sister had been the mother of Janet and Marion Douglas. He was exceedingly angry, and determined to thwart all endeavours to "marry off" the girls, especially the younger niece Marion, who seems to have had a strong will of her own, and would not be handed over in the high-handed manner that was the fashion of the day. The real secret was, as I shall afterwards show, that Marion had a lover, and was determined to be true and faithful to him.

After making some arrangements about the estate, so as to have it in shares between the two maidens, Douglas told Janet to marry Thomas Roresoun of Bardannoch, and Janet, too timid to rebel, just obeyed. Sir James Douglas gave her, as tocher, 1000 merks, and "sustenance for herself and her husband for the space of two years." This was in return for "the half of her rights to the lands and barony of Mousewald." The estate of Logan was included in this; so Sir James did pretty well for himself.

Sir James Douglas, intent on getting the whole of the estate, proceeded to fix Marion in the same fashion. But Marion, the younger, does not seem to have ever given the least encouragement to any bridegroom proposed by Sir James; and she announced her intention to "marry whom she pleased, and dispose of her right to Mousewald as she saw fit." Afraid of her rebellion, Sir James at once proceeded to firm measures. Lest she should carry out her intention, Douglas raised "letters of inhibition" to protect his legal rights, under the gift of her "ward and

marriage." That is, if Marion would not marry whom he ordered her to marry, she was not to be permitted to marry any one else. On the day following this inhibition, Douglas came to Marion and offered her as husband John M'Math of Dalpedder, a friend of his own of no great repute. He seems to have given her no choice, but only said, that he required the marriage should be celebrated at the time and place specified by him.

Proud Marion is said to have "refused the proposal haughtily, and said, 'She would not be at the said James' bidding.'" The case now went to the Privy Council of Scotland; for Marion held out with as firm a temper as the Douglas himself. The result was that Marion was sent to her kinsman, Lord Borthwick, at Borthwick Castle, in 1562, fourteen years after her father's death; so Marion's rebellion had lasted a long time. The Privy Council also ordered that she was to be under an obligation not to leave Lord Borthwick, nor marry *a traitor or broken man.* To thwart Sir James Douglas she tried to leave her share of her property to her Uncle Murray of Cockpool. Perhaps she thought this would make Sir James let her marry whom she would, and cease the persecution. Two years had gone by since she left Sir James, and sixteen since her father's death. She must have been worn out with the struggle.

But there never was a Douglas who cared for aught but his own will. Sir James heard of the transaction and got it declared illegal.

Worn out, but still determined, she went to her uncle at his Castle of Cumlongan, near the Borders, a mile and a half from Ruthwell village. The stronghold is still in the possession of Murrays, and is in good preservation. The walls are ninety feet in height, and so thick, that small apartments are included in them. Here went weary Marion, only asking to live her own life, growing early old, but still faithful and true to the "traitor and broken man." But even here she got no rest. Her mind seems to have given way at last; for one day she took a leap over the highest wall of the castle, and was killed.

King James VI., who always took a practical view of things, expressed it, "Thairthrow wilfully brekin' of her ain craig and banes, whereof she died."

Her share was then given to the eldest son of Sir James

Douglas in 1570; so Marion's rebellion had lasted a long time. This was twenty-two years after her father's death.

What I have told is history and fact. Now for the tradition, which was told by Mr Charles Stewart to Mr Samuel Neill, when showing him a sketch of Cornal Tower. Two lairds were in love with Marion Carruthers, one of whom she favoured. The slighted lover was, however, determined to get her by fair means or foul, and for this purpose got a kinswoman of Marion's into the plot. This kinswoman seems to have been a niece of Marion's, likely the daughter of a natural son of Carruthers of Cornal Tower; for the girl was in an inferior position in the house, being maid, and yet was a companion of Marion's, and must have been about the same age and resembled her somewhat. She also seems to have been trusted with Marion's secret, and had also some knowledge of the two lairds. The slighted lover heard that his rival was to visit Marion on a moonlight night. Marion herself does not seem to have known of his coming, so the niece may have purposely kept the matter dark. The slighted lover laid his plot carefully. He and the niece, who was dressed in Marion's braws, walked along lovingly, quite aware that they were followed by Marion's lover, and that the plot had succeeded. The niece personated Marion to perfection, perhaps hoping that she might say a word for herself at the same time. The loving laird addressed his "Marion" in the impassioned language of the fond lover. The other laird, sure that Marion was false, was in a towering rage, and his hot anger was not less when he found out that he was being deceived. He would hear no apology from his rival. A duel was fought, and the young man was slain.

Thus Marion's lover became a "traitor and a broken man" in the eyes of others. But in her eyes he was always her ain true love.

> "I might hae been a king's daughter,
> Had it not been for love o' thee."

Lochwood.

Chapter XII.

THE BURNING OF LOCHWOOD.

"But first you must come tell to me
If friends or foes you be."

WHEN the Maxwells were barons of Evandale and Moffatdale, they may have noticed with haughty displeasure the growing power of the Johnstone family. First, the strong tower of Lochwood rose from among the peatmosses and forest of oaks. Then younger branches of the Johnstones settled in strong peels of their own, and these multiplied till Upper Annandale was dotted over as thickly with keeps of the Johnstone Clan, as ever it had once been with hill forts of the ancient Celt. And every Johnstone, from Evenhead to Lockerbie, was "Aye ready" to follow the Chief of Lochwood whenever he rode forth, be his quarrel right or wrong.

It is told of a Borderer who was ordered to set forth on a daring and lawless enterprise, that some one said to him,

"But what do ye think o't?"—"Think o't?" repeated the man scornfully, as he went on fastening the strap on his horse; "It's no' the thinking that is onything, it's the daeing o't, and the deein' for't."

The office of Warden of the West Marches was long held by Lord Maxwell. And this office was meant to keep peace on the Borders. It carried with it certain privileges, just as the Lordship of Annandale did, forage and provisions for the retinue of the Warden; and this was no light matter when there were several scores, or even hundreds of men to feed, not to speak of their horses. The Warden, also, received a portion of the fines imposed by the Warden Court, and, as with the Lordship of Annandale, had other means of adding to riches, lands and influence. It was therefore with some bitterness of heart that Lord Maxwell found himself deprived of the Wardenship and Johnstone of Lochwood put in his place.

When Mary Queen of Scots rode madly through the streets of Moffat, and down the dale of the Annan, she had her friends in the Southern Highlands, amongst others, Lord Maxwell. When the Queen was a prisoner in England, Lord Maxwell offended the Regent by claiming the title of Earl of Morton. And in one way or other he was so troublesome, that the crafty Regent determined to crush the self-willed Borderer. With this end in view he thought of the old feud between the Johnstones and Maxwells, and by making Johnstone Warden, guessed it would revive. He thus set Johnstone to crush the Maxwell, while he cunningly kept out of the way.

There is a list of the retainers of Johnstone of Lochwood at this time, which may be interesting to Upper Annandale people. Each name means one who can bring into the field several of his "ain folk."

Thomas Johnstone, Fynglen.	Adam Johnstone, Langwoodend.
Habe Johnstone, Hesilbank.	John Johnstone, Hauch.
Fydlaw Johnstone, Ershag.	James Johnstone, Bigarts.
James Johnstone, Mydilgill.	Thomas Johnstone, Coreheid.
James Johnstone, Renois.	Thomas Johnstone, Poden.
James Johnstone, Craigiland.	James Johnstone, Brekansyd.
John Johnstone, Greenhill.	Robin Johnstone, Newtoun.
James Johnstone, Crofthead.	James Johnstone, Capilgill.

These are only a few, but they show to what extent the Johnstone Clan had spread, and how powerful they had

become. In this list is also Mathe Roger, Baitok. This shows the early form of Beattock was as the old people still name it. There is also "Robert Fransch, Franschland." The Laird of Lochwood at this time was Sir John Johnstone, who had married Margaret Scott, daughter of Sir William Scott, younger of Buccleuch. This Margaret Scott had an aunt, Janet Beaton, who, when her husband was killed in the streets of Edinburgh, rode at the head of the Clan of Scott, to encourage her troops and avenge his death. Dame Johnstone of Lochwood had all the courage of the bold Scotts and her strong-minded Aunt Janet. She was also said to be a very stately lady and fond of dress, as well as to have much influence at Court.

Still more to anger the Maxwells, the slim Regent put Johnstone forward as candidate for the Provostship of Dumfries. Johnstone thought he had only to walk the course. But when he rode into Dumfries with a few retainers, he found Maxwell there, grimly waiting for him, with a body of men all in their fiercest war-paint. So Johnstone went quietly home, and complained to the Regent. Lord Maxwell was declared a rebel, and Johnstone was given a commission to "pursue him with fire and sword as a contumacious rebel who deserved no mercy." The Regent now had his plan working finely; but in punishing Maxwell, Johnstone found he had his hands filled. Hired soldiers were sent to assist Johnstone, but the Maxwells defeated their enemies. Johnstone then went and burned some houses belonging to the Maxwells and laid waste their lands. To avenge this injury the Maxwells came to Lochwood and burned it to the ground.

Robert Maxwell, referring to the Lady of Lochwood's well-known love of fine clothes, cried, "that he'd give Dame Johnstone light enough to set her silken hood."

In an old churchyard, in the Parish of Gretney, at Red Kirk, about 130 feet within high watermark, there was a stone nearly sanded up in 1810, on which was written:—

"Here lyeth I. O. N. Bell, who died in ye yhere MDX, and of hys age LXXX yheres.

Here bluidy Bell, baith skin and bane,
Lies quietly still aneath this stane;
He was a stark moss-trooper kent
As ever drave a bout o'er bent.
He brynt ye Lochwood Tower and Hall

And dang ye lady o'er ye wall;
For whilk ye Johnstone, stout and wyte,
Set Blackheath in a low by nyght;
While cried a voice as if from H——
Haste, open ye gates for bluidy Bell."

Dame Johnstone certainly escaped death. If Bell "dang her owre the wall" when helping or hindering her escape, she was capable of speaking her mind to him. She was a strong-minded woman. Not only was the fine tower of Lochwood burned, but the laird was made a prisoner. His troubles were too heavy. He died of a broken heart.

Blacklaw Tower.

Chapter XIII.

"WILL O' KIRKHILL."

I HAVE said that many branches of the Lochwood Johnstones settled in Upper Annandale. One of these had their home at Lethenhall. When Lochwood was burned, the Laird of Wamphray and Master of Lethenhall was one William Johnstone, who went by the name of "The Galliard." The name comes from a dance, and means a gay, reckless character. In a ballad, "The Lads of Wamphray," we have a full account of the raid made by this "Galliard"—a raid that was to be ever memorable in history as leading to the battle of Dryfe Sands, the last great clan battle of the Borders.

I may say here that this ballad, "The Lads of Wamphray," is so exceedingly graphic, and gives such a good picture of the old times and places, that it is a pity its author is unknown. The late Mr Charles Stewart said of it, "This ballad, first printed by Sir Walter Scott, had been handed down in the Wamphray circle, probably from the period of its occasion, nearly three centuries ago. We used to hear it sung, as it came to him, through oral tradition, by a well-known and popular old farmer, John Carruthers of Mackmaw."

The Galliard was a noted freebooter. Near the head of Teviotdale is a valley that was and may still be called "The Galliard's Faulds" (folds), as it was there the Galliard and his friends hid and afterwards divided the spoils. The friends and followers of the Galliard were the Eskdale, Liddesdale, and Annandale "thiefs," whom Sir Richard Maitland in his "complaynt" tells us about—

"Of Liddesdale the common thiefs
So pertly steals now and riefs,
That none may keep
Horse, nowt, or sheep,
Nor yet daur sleep
For their mischiefs.

They spoil puir men of their packs,
They leave them nocht on bed or backs;
Baith hen and cock
With reel and rock
The laird's Jock
All with him tak's.

They leave not spindle, spoon, nor speet,
Bed, bolster, blanket, sark, nor sheet;
Jock of the Park
Ryps kist and ark,
For all sic wark
He is richt meet."

There are people who fancy the "Raiders" were a company of mounted gentlemen who had wholesale dealings in cattle. But there were many of the moss-troopers who were very much given to lifting whatever came in their way, and the followers of the Galliard seem to have been of this description—rough, ready, and reckless. His nephew, "Will o' Kirkhill," was second in command, and —as after events proved—as utterly reckless and regardless as his uncle the Galliard. After the burning of Lochwood and the death of the Laird, there came one of the rare intervals of peace between the Johnstones and the Maxwells. Lord Maxwell was now restored to the favour of the Court, and his rebellion forgiven. He was Lord Warden, and as powerful as ever he had been. He and the new Laird of Lochwood entered into a bond of union by which they bound themselves to stand by one another against all comers. Perhaps Lord Maxwell saw that it was better to have the Johnstones for friends than for foes, and he could not but know that the ancient feud had but weakened both parties to the advantage of their common enemies. Both Regents—Morton and Arran—had stirred up the old strife and envy, flung the wardenship from one to another, kept Johnstone in favour, and used him to punish Maxwell, and all as a matter of policy. King James, reigning without the help of a Regent, might bring forward Johnstone again, and get him made Lord Warden. It was best to keep in favour with King James and with Johnstone too, and this might have been successfully carried out if it had not been for "The Galliard" and "Will o' Kirkhill."

The Galliard was very well pleased to see Lord Maxwell Lord Warden. He was still more pleased to know that there was a bond of Union between the Johnstones and Maxwells. He considered that it was a very great advantage to himself. So long as he did not rob a Maxwell, he might lift and carry away from whatever quarter he liked. It was said of the Galliard and the Galliard's men

"They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain."

So one night the Galliard set off to Upper Nithsdale to clear the lands of Lord Sanquhar—

> "The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane
> To steal Sim Crighton's winsom dun.
> . . . . .
> Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
> Come out and see a Johnstone ride;
> Here 's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
> And a gentle Johnstone abune his hide."

The Crichtons did come out as invited, and pursued the Galliard—

> "And there the Crichtons the Galliard hae ta'en,
> And nane wi' him but Willie alane."

The Crichtons had a rough and ready mode of punishing men who stole from England and from Scotland baith. The Galliard had broken that unwritten law of the Scottish Borderland which said that raiding was only lawful when a man crossed the Border into England. Therefore the Crichtons led the Galliard to the nearest tree. Bold as the Galliard was, he shrank from such a disgraceful death—

> "O, Simmy, Simmy, let me gang
> And I 'll never mair do a Crichton wrang;
> O, Simmy, Simmy, let me be
> And a peck o' gold I 'll gae to thee."
>
> O, Simmy, Simmy, let me gang
> And my wife shall heap it with her hand;
> But the Crichtons wouldna let the Galliard be,
> So they hanged him hie upon a tree."

Standing by was Will o' Kirkhill, who swore—

> "If ever I live Wamphray to see,
> My uncle's death avenged shall be."

The Crichtons let Will o' Kirkhill go back to Wamphray to carry the news of his uncle's death to Lethenhall. Willie was now laird of Wamphray, and the "Galliard's men" clustered close—a tribe of Johnstones—in their clay biggin's from Girthhead to Langwood end at Selcoth in Moffat Water. It was "up and ready and away." Willie led them to the Crichtons' land, and raided it at his pleasure. The Crichtons followed him, and came on him

near the head of Evandale. Willie boasted of the victory afterward—

> "Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed—
> We have revenged the Galliard's bluid.
> For every finger o' the Galliard's hand
> I vow this day I have killed a man."

This was all very well, but it could not end there. It was the old game of tit-for-tat. The Crichtons complained to the Lord Warden, but Lord Maxwell was very unwilling to break up the bond of union, and go to punish Will o' Kirkhill. The quarrel, he knew, would be taken up by the Johnstones. But the Crichtons were not to be thus silenced. They told the Lord Warden that they themselves would enter into a bond of union with him, would maintain his cause against all-comers, and pay man-rent; and as even this bribe failed to rouse him to action, they took a way of their own to bring about the punishment of their enemy.

They sent on to Edinburgh a deputation to King James consisting of "certain poor women with fifteen bloody shirts," who prayed for justice, and laid the deaths of sons, husbands, and servants on the Laird of Lochwood, the chieftain of the Johnstones. There was a procession through the streets of Edinburgh. The bloody shirts were held aloft, and a sympathising crowd followed telling of the unlawful deeds done by the men of Upper Annandale. Popular feeling was roused. King James, who—if he had not the beauty of his mother, Queen Mary—had all her self-will, sent an order commanding Lord Maxwell to execute justice on the offending Johnstones. Lord Maxwell therefore had to obey. But before he did so he entered into a bond of union with the Crichtons.

As the story goes, this bond of agreement between the Maxwells and the Crichtons, not being securely kept, was stolen by a Johnstone of Cummertrees, who carried it to the Laird of Lochwood. Thus the laird got word early of the danger that threatened him. He sent to the Elliots of Liddesdale, the Grahams of the Debatable land, the Scotts of Teviotdale and Eskdale.

Chapter XIV.

THE BATTLE OF DRYFE SANDS.

THIS great clan battle was fought on a dull December day, and as it was the last clan battle of the Borderland, and was fought after the Reformation had come to Scotland, and when education, begun under John Knox, was being introduced into every parish, it almost marked the dividing line between two long periods of our national history. Elizabeth reigned in England, and King James was still at Holyrood, impatiently awaiting the union of the two kingdoms under one ruler.

The days of the "raiders" were almost ended, though at this time the Border clans were devoted to their chieftains, and followed the unwritten laws of the Borderland. The King ruled in Edinburgh; but it "was a long cry to Lochawe," and quite as far away to Eskdale, Annandale, and Nithsdale, the three divisions of the most troublesome of all the Border counties. When Queen Elizabeth asked her prisoner, the bold Buccleuch, who had crossed the Scottish Border with his men, and breaking into Carlisle Castle, had rescued Kinmont Willie, "how he dared an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?" the bold Buccleuch made answer—"What is it that a man dares not do?" Elizabeth, who loved above all things courage in a man, said to a lord-in-waiting, "With ten thousand such men our brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe."

The Scotts as a clan were fierce and warlike. Dame Margaret Johnstone was a daughter of Buccleuch, so three hundred Scotts came to join Johnstone of Lochwood. As Buccleuch himself was in foreign parts, they were led by the Laird of Elibank, and carried the banner of Buccleuch.

Two of Johnstone's retainers joined the others near Lockerbie. These were Johnstone of Kirktoun and Johnstone of Lockerbie. Johnstone of Lockerbie had fifty men; Johnstone of Kirktoun had a large following.

This Johnstone of Kirktoun was one of the boldest of the "raiders," and seems to have joined "Will o' Kirkhill"

when he laid waste Nithsdale, as Mr Charles Stewart says in "Dryfesdale Old Churchyard" that he carried off some horses belonging to the Crichtons, and had killed "Douglas of Dalveen, probably a cadet of Drumlanrig."

The Grahams from the Debatable land joined Johnstone. They were always ready to fight the Maxwells.

But though Johnstone of Lochwood had a good and strong body of men, he was outnumbered by Lord Maxwell, who came from Dumfries displaying the Royal banner, and with two thousand men behind him, also the Nithsdale barons, Lagg, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig.

Johnstone was first in the field, and chose the rising ground above where the Dryfe joins the Annan. Lord Maxwell, on his way to meet "Lochwood," visited the Border Keep of Kirktoun that belonged to James Johnstone, who had gone to join his chief. His reason for storming Kirktoun seems to have been to avenge the active part the laird of Kirktoun had taken in raiding the Crichtons. The defence was carried out by "Dame Agnes Johnstone" and the few servants she had with her. It would have gone hard with this "Dame Johnstone," if sudden news had not sent Maxwell elsewhere. When she saw her enemy go, she sent all the men-servants to join the Johnstones, and then she and her maid watched them, from the battlements, ride away to what must have almost seemed to her the defeat of the Johnstones of Upper Annandale.

The Dryfe is named from the driving nature of the waters in flood. Near where it joins the Annan are the Sands of Dryfe—sands brought down by the Dryfe in its floods. Thomas the Rhymer said of it—

> "Let spades or shools
> Do what they may,
> Dryfe will hae
> Dry'sdale Kirk away."

This saying has come true more than once.

Coming to the banks of the Dryfe, and fording it on the forenoon of that December day, Maxwell suddenly discovered his enemy on the rising ground above him. A small body of the Johnstones came out from the rest, and riding out of his reach, taunted him, shouting out their war-cry, "Ready, aye ready," as if to jeer at the slowness of his movements. They then rode away, and were

followed by the men under Maxwell, who shouted out in return—"Wardlaw! Wardlaw! I bid ye bide, Wardlaw," the slogan of the Maxwell clans.

Wardlaw is the name of a hill close to the home of the Maxwells, the castle of Carlaverock.

When the Maxwell men were tempted up the slope, the Johnstones, Scotts, and Grahams left the heights and rushed down on their enemies, the quickness of their movements creating a sort of panic among the troops under Lord Maxwell. He himself bravely kept his head, and fought with all his wonted courage. But his new-found friends, Lagg, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig, turned their horses' heads homeward, and rode for dear life, and behind them followed as many of their retainers as could go, with their enemies in close pursuit. In the old ballad it says—

> "Adieu, Drumlanrig; false wert ay,
> And Closeburn in a band,
> The Laird of Lag frae my father that fled."

Many of the Maxwells that day got what has ever since been called a "Lockerbie lick," that is, a deep cut or slash on the face. Others fled as far as Gotterby ford, pursued by the Johnstones. Plunging into the Annan, that rolled sullen and deep on that dark December day, many of them were drowned.

It is said that seven hundred of the Maxwells perished at this battle of Dryfe Sands. Perhaps there were fewer, but the result anyway was a victory for the rebel Johnstone of Lochwood.

Before the battle, Lord Maxwell had promised to give a ten poundland to whoever should bring him the head or the hand of Johnstone of Lochwood. When Johnstone was told of this, he said he had no ten poundland, but he would give a five merkland to whoever brought him the head or hand of Lord Maxwell.

This came to the mind of Will o' Kirkhill when he saw a solitary horseman riding slowly from the battle, and found the soldier to be the defeated Lord Maxwell. Riding quickly up he struck Lord Maxwell from his horse. Half-stunned, Lord Maxwell stretched out his hand pleading for mercy and claiming to be taken prisoner, reminding Will of how he had once spared Johnstone of Lochwood. But Will was not a man given to mercy. He quickly cut

off the pleading hand and carried the trophy to Johnstone of Lochwood.

Tradition tells a story that some are slow to believe, thinking that a woman could not be so cruel; but Sir Walter Scott seems to have believed the tradition, and the late Mr Charles Stewart said that the story was "currently told and believed." Perhaps the woman was cruel, but her father had died in Lord Maxwell's prison, and she herself had not so many hours before narrowly escaped from the power of this man.

When the noise of the battle had rolled away westward, Dame Johnstone, who had watched all that weary day from the battlements, called her one maid to her, and together they went to seek amongst the slain for the "folk o' Kirktoun" who might have fallen. Before setting out, Dame Agnes Johnstone first locked the inner oaken door and then the "iron yetts" of Kirktoun, and tied the two large keys by a leather thong. She was not minded to give an open door to Lord Maxwell. Hanging the keys over her arm, she went away, followed by her maid, to seek by the Sands of Dryfe for her husband and sons.

In the evening light the glittering armour of a tall, grey-headed man lying close to a leafless thorn attracted her. His hand had been cut off. He was bleeding to death. His helmet had fallen aside. She knew who it was; it was her enemy.

In a weak voice he pled for his life. But even in his weakness and despair she had no pity for him. She raised the great keys, and struck him on the head and killed him.

For many years there stood "Maxwell's thorn." In 1862, Mr Charles Stewart said, "It was uprooted by a flood thirty or forty years ago."

In Applegarth there was, and may be now for aught I know, another thorn, called the "Albie thorn," planted to show where Bell of Albie fell, when pursuing some of the Nithsdale men.

The lady of Kirktoun did not find her husband among the slain that day. In a trial, 1617, several people are "delaitit of airt and pairt of the slaughter of James Johnstone in Kirktoun, by giving to him dyverse crewell and deadly wounds." "Persewaris, Agnes Johnstone, the relict."

Chapter XV.

"LORD MAXWELL'S GOOD-NIGHT."

THE Laird of Lochwood rode home with better news than he had dared to hope for. True, there was King James to reckon with. But Sir James Johnstone of Lochwood was "king in his ain countrie." King James had made several visits to Dumfries in order to bring about a union of the Border clans, and to institute stronger means to put down raiding. But the sin of raiding was very equally distributed among the Border clans, and the chief sinners being good fighting men were protected by their several chieftains. "Kinmont Willie," or Willie Armstrong, was rescued from Carlisle Castle by bold Buccleuch and his men. Will o' Kirkhill's cause had been taken up by all the Johnstones. The Robert Maxwell who burned Lochwood was a daring raider, and both he and "Kinmont Willie" were sought for, and the king came to Dumfries expressly to get these two arrested and hanged. But where was the man who would dare touch Robert Maxwell, who was natural brother to Lord Maxwell, and one of the most fearless and cleverest of the Maxwell clan?

No, Johnstone knew Border law. He knew the King. He was not afraid. He heard of what awaited him if he went to Edinburgh.

But it was no new thing for him to be "put to the horn," and it was no great punishment for him to abide among the peat mosses of Lochwood.

His patience had its reward. Perhaps Dame Margaret's influence had something to do with it. For ere long Sir James Johnstone was made Warden of the Middle Marches, and from a "rebel" had risen to hold an office under the Crown. Sir James married a Sara Maxwell, and one of the Maxwells married a daughter of Dame Margaret's and sister to Sir James. So for a while there was peace.

Dame Margaret Johnstone was well provided for. We learn that an arrangement was entered into between Sir James and his mother by which she was to receive "Kirk-

bryrig, Hennilland, Harthope, and other lands; also the leases of the teind sheaves of Moffat, and all lands and goods therein, with her own mill built on the lands of Erschbank, with Dickson's lands in Moffat." She also stipulated that the tenants of Lord Herries' 100 merkland in Moffat, as well as those of James Johnstone on lands there, should come to her mill.

Dame Margaret Johnstone was in all respects a business woman. The Sara Maxwell who had married her son, Sir James, was a daughter of this Lord Herries.

Lord Maxwell, who was killed at Dryfe Sands, had left a son, who inherited the title and estates. He was quite young when his father died, but he seems to have even then sworn to kill the Laird of Lochwood and have his revenge. So well was this known that the King himself tried to bring Lord Maxwell to a different frame of mind.

This Lord Maxwell went abroad, and came back to Dumfries just before 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada. His father had been a firm friend of Queen Mary, and Lord Maxwell seems to have inherited his dislike to Elizabeth. For when he returned from Spain he made no secret of his intention to raise men and assist the Spanish.

King James had no wish to quarrel with Elizabeth. So in great alarm he came South and made the headstrong Lord Maxwell a prisoner; while Johnstone of Lochwood was made "Keeper of Lochmaben Castle," as a reward for his services.

In 1589 King James set out for Denmark to marry the Princess Anna, and from there he wrote to one of his familiar friends—"Where we are drinking and dryving on in the auld manner."

For some years after that the Johnstones and Maxwells were a trouble to King and Parliament. Lord Maxwell was several times ordered into Clydesdale, and twice put in prison, and yet he still held out threats against his enemy. After his second escape from Edinburgh he kept out of sight for some time, then he suddenly appeared in his old place at Dumfries.

The death of Elizabeth in 1603 had made King James ruler over England; so at this time he had too much ado to care to meddle with the old feud of the Maxwells and Johnstones. Sir James Johnstone, who seems to have been a little tired of the feud himself, tried hard to make

some arrangement with Lord Maxwell, and for that purpose sent Sir Robert Maxwell, his brother-in-law, to get a "bond" of agreement drawn out. But Lord Maxwell was difficult to please. At last it was arranged that Lord Maxwell and Sir James Johnstone should meet, that each should have but one friend with him, that Sir Robert should form the fifth and should act as judge between them.

On the afternoon of an April day William Johnstone of Lockerbie rode up to see his chief. He was a bold rider this William, and when Sir James saw him he welcomed him heartily, as he said: "Cousin, ye must this day do a greater turn for me than ever I asked at your hands before."

He then told William Johnstone of the arrangement made, and asked William to ride to Auchmanhill, between Annandale and Nithsdale, and that he would overtake him. William went as directed, and soon saw two men coming towards him. The Laird of Lochwood rode a poor nag and was plainly attired, as if seeking a disguise. Clearly he did not wish the inmates of Lochwood to know of his plans. They were not long of meeting Lord Maxwell, attended by Charles Maxwell, a man who seems to have had an ill name; for Sir Robert spoke sharply at such a man being chosen to take part in such a meeting. Lord Maxwell, however, swore he was there in all honesty, and that there should be nothing but fair play. So the two attendants were ordered to retire at a distance, which they did, and soon enough found matter to quarrel about.

Meanwhile, Sir Robert rode up and down with a chieftain on each side of him, and tried to make peace. Suddenly they heard the sound of a pistol shot, and William Johnstone cried out, "Murder! treason!"

Sir Robert at once tried to catch Lord Maxwell's bridle, and caught his cloak instead. Sir James had ridden off to help William Johnstone, his friend.

"Fy!" said Sir Robert, angrily, to Lord Maxwell; "make not yourself a traitor and me baith."

"I am wytless," said Lord Maxwell, as he pulled himself free.

In a minute more he had belied his words. Riding after Sir James, he shot him in the back.

Sir James kept his seat for a few seconds, and then fell heavily to the ground mortally wounded. However, he

staggered to his feet as Charles Maxwell came up, and also fired at him. William Johnstone tried to set the wounded man on his horse, but being unable to do so laid him on the ground.

"I am deceived. Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me!" cried the dying man.

"Come away," cried Lord Maxwell to Charles. But Charles was not satisfied.

"My lord, will ye ride away and leave that bloody thief, Johnstone of Lockerbie, behind you?"

"What rak' ye of him? for the other has had enough," said Lord Maxwell, riding off.

It was afterwards found that the murder was planned. It has been said that Lord Maxwell used poisoned bullets, but there is little evidence for this. Lord Maxwell escaped to France. The ballad, "Lord Maxwell's Good-night," is a farewell to Lady Maxwell his wife, and is supposed to speak his feelings:—

"Though I have slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their geed?
My noble mind their wrath disdains,
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I laboured oft
On him avenged to be,
And now I've got what lang I sought—
And I may not stay with thee.

Adieu, Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair;
Adieu, my Castle of the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there.
Adieu, Lochmaben's gates so fair;
The Langholm-holm where birks there be;
Adieu, my lady and only joy,
For I may not stay with thee."

This "Good-night" is said to have suggested that in "Childe Harold." It is supposed to have been written between 1608 and 1613.

Chapter XVI.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE was buried in the churchyard of Johnstone, where it is recorded that he was "cruelly murthered by a pistolet."

There was great indignation amongst the people, and "Lettre of Horning" was taken out against "Johne Lord Maxwell."

Meanwhile, Lord Maxwell had gone to France, to Holland, to Denmark, and Norway. But wherever he went, however secretly, he was followed.

William Johnstone, who had been the friend of Johnstone of Lochwood, pursued Lord Maxwell like a bloodhound. Travelling was slow and expensive in those days. Months and years went by. Lord Maxwell moved on from place to place, finding no rest for the sole of his foot, ever wandering, and ever finding that relentless enemy, Johnstone of Lockerbie, on his track. To the hunted man that restless, weary wandering must have called to his mind how he himself had so pursued James Johnstone of Lochwood. While he was trying to find some corner on God's earth where his enemy would not reach him, Lady Maxwell died. Some have thought she died of a broken heart. But if what both history and tradition says is true, Lady Maxwell feared more than she loved her lord, and was not likely to mourn his absence. She was a daughter of the proud house of Hamilton. In the ballad Lord Maxwell is supposed to say—

> "But if thou take another lord
> Ere I come owre the sea,
> His life is but a three days' lease,
> Though I may not stay wi' thee."

And very likely this sullen Lord Maxwell would have so acted. However, he was not tempted. For poor Lady Maxwell died.

At last, weary with his long exile, and desperate with that enemy ever behind him, Lord Maxwell returned to Scotland. He may have fancied that there would be nothing said about Johnstone's death. Border justice had been little meddled with by king or Parliament in days gone by.

Alas for his hopes! For one thing, William of Johnstone, still on his track, followed him home; and for another, the union of the crowns under King James had brought into the Borderland a responsibility. The people were a little more law-abiding and less inclined to excuse the killing of an unarmed man by shooting him in the back.

Gloomy and threatening faces drove Lord Maxwell from his home. He was invited by his kinsman George, Earl of Caithness, to go north to Castle Sinclair. From there he could escape to Sweden. So he went.

The Countess of Caithness was his own cousin, so Lord Maxwell seems to have had no thoughts of suspecting the intentions of this northern earl, who was powerful enough to give him shelter until some arrangement had been come to.

But the earl was a traitor. He wished to be on good terms with King James, and handed his guest over to the officers of the law.

It is impossible not to be sorry for Lord Maxwell. He pled for his life. And there are "offers of submission," in which we find him "humbly confessing his offence to God, the King's Majesty, and the foresaidis persons." He offered to end the feud between the Johnstones and Maxwells, and for "mair suir establishing of friendship" offered to marry a daughter of the house of Johnstone, and to give his sister to the young Laird of Lochwood.

But all in vain. He was executed in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and with him ended the feud between the Johnstones and Maxwells.

This feud had cost many lives. John Johnstone of Lochwood had died of a broken heart; James Johnstone had been murdered not far from his own home. One Lord Maxwell had been killed at Dryfe Sands, and the other executed at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh.

William Johnstone of Lockerbie was buried in the old kirkyard of Dryfesdale, near the bank of the Dryfe. A gentleman who had read the inscription on the stone in

1775 told Mr Charles Stewart about it. In 1865 Mr Stewart wrote in "Dryfesdale Old Churchyard,"—"On my looking for this stone fifty years ago with a gentleman who had deciphered it in 1775, it could not be found; and it is probable that, along with many others, it had been undermined by the action of the stream against the bank, and covered up by the debris brought down by the flood." The stone had an account of the murder of Sir James Johnstone, and the tracking of Lord Maxwell, inscribed on it.

Some years after the death of Lord Maxwell his brother was made Earl of Nithsdale, as if to make up for the misfortunes of the Maxwells.

When King James had been fourteen years settled in England, he took a homesick turn, and came north and visited the Borderland. At Dumfries they entertained him royally; and all went merrily as a marriage bell till they set before King James some fish called vendace, a fish nowhere found except in the Castle loch of Lochmaben. King James thought they looked peculiar and smelled peculiar; and, remembering all the wildness of the Borders when he was King of Scotland, he sprang to his feet and shouted, "Treason!"

Nor would he believe the canny folk of Dumfries were not meaning to poison him till they removed the offending dish.

But the Borderland was changed now. In 1623 both Lord Maxwell and the Laird of Lochwood came before the Council, and were publicly reconciled. Johnstone got the title of Lord Johnstone and Earl of Hartfell.

In 1629 the lands of "Barony of Moffatdale and Evandale," part of the Herries and Maxwell estate, was purchased by James Johnstone, first Earl of Hartfell.

James VI. created John Murray of Lochmaben Earl of Annandale, and gave him the heritable office of Steward of Annandale. On the failure of his heirs the title and office was given by Charles II. to James Johnstone. The Courts of Stewardry were held at Lochmaben.

The Johnstones were also lords of the regality of Moffat, holding their Courts at Moffat.

Loch-house Tower, a Border Keep of the Johnstones of Corehead.

Chapter XVII.

BRINGING PEACE TO THE BORDERLAND.

THERE is no doubt the Union of the two Nations, under one king, brought in the end peace to the Borderland. Whenever Queen Elizabeth's death was made known, the Armstrongs of Liddesdale set off and went south to England on a raid, going as far as Penrith. But both English and Scottish soldiers pursued them, blew up their towers with gunpowder, and drove away their cattle and sheep. They carried as many of their leaders as they could get hold of and hanged them at Carlisle. The Grahams, who lived on the Debateable Land in Cumberland, that was claimed both by England and Scotland, were forced from their homes by the Esk, and transported to Ulster in Ireland. Many of the Borderers went to fight for the Dutch against the Spaniards; and at one battle, in very hot weather, they are said to

have thrown aside their upper garments and fought like fiends in their shirts.

So fierce became the persecution of the Borderers at this time that it gave rise to a saying, "Jeddart justice," which means, to hang a man and try him afterwards, as was often done at Jedburgh and other places at this time. These severe measures did not altogether put down raiding; but as the people who lived in the Borderland, and were suspected of such practices, were not permitted to have armour or weapons, nor dare keep a horse above the value of fifty shillings, raiding could not be carried out. We all know that laws can be broken; and, doubtless, the law was not strictly observed in Upper Annandale, where dwelt the "thieves" that were noted as more expert at their trade than any of the others. But as James VI. was determined to have peace on the Borders, the lairds saw that the old feuds, and freedom to lift the Winter Mart, must be carried on with more caution. James not only brought peace to the Borderland, but he took it into his head to form the two National Churches on the same pattern, which was more displeasing to the Scottish Borderers. Moffat had been in the Presbytery of Lochmaben. It was put back to its old diocese of Glasgow, and Archbishop Spottiswood there was a fast and firm friend of Whiteford, the Moffat minister. The kneeling at communion was only one of the new innovations. But the parson of Moffat carried his pistols to the pulpit with him, and was determined to convert his parish.

It was at this time that Taylor, the Water Poet, came to Moffat. "My first night's lodging in Scotland was at a place called Mophot . . . At night being come to the toune, I found good, ordinary country entertainment; my fare and my lodging was sweet and good, and might have served a better man than myself."

In 1634 the Moffat parson was advanced to the Bishopric of Brechin, and is said to have been the last bishop in Scotland who continued to read Charles's Liturgy. He had been a resolute old man. This Whiteford had one daughter named Rachel, who was married to Laird Johnstone of Corehead. This Rachel had been a great traveller; for she had been to England, a wonderful thing at that time. She had drank strange waters there that made her see that the Medicine Well on the slope of the

heather hill above the mills of the auld toune in her father's parish was quite a wonderful thing in its way. With the resolution of her father in her, she made her discovery known. A year after that, her father was made Bishop of Brechin, but she herself remained in Moffat as the "leddy o' Corehead."

Her husband appeared before the Commissioners of King Charles for the valuation of tithes. He described Moffat as "a Corn Toun," but said the "tenants take no care of stock, but of their brewing and yill selling." The brewing and yill selling had been carried on from very early times. The old wells were said to be particularly good for brewing, especially the lower one at Larchhill. There were two wells at Larchhill, one called the Gallows Well, another one at Greenbank, near the Burnock, another at the foot of the town somewhere near the Black Bull. There is a well called "Andrew's Well," but that is more modern. In early times the well mostly made use of for brewing was that known now as the lower spring of Larchhill.

When Rachel Whiteford first brought into notice the Sulphur Well at Burnock Glen, the locality was by no means so lonely as it is now. There were two mills at Archbank, and a settlement at the "Auld Toune" that could not have been yet all cleared away. The well is close to the deep ravine of the Burnock Water, and above what is called the "Highlandman's Leap." The hill called "Hindfell," near it, is part of Hartfell range, and at its base is Hind Gill. Below it is Burnock Cloves and the old farm steading of Archbank. Farther down is Alton hill, with a deep ravine or gully cleaving its side. This is called the Grey Gill. By the side of this Grey Gill, and near some old ash trees, stood the "Auld Toune," whose low-roofed and heather thatched cottages must have still clustered there in the days of Parson Whiteford. Along from Alton was the Ba'play Road leading to Collate, and down to the Nethermill that stood near Aikrig. All this stretch seems to have been pretty thickly populated.

The bed of the Burnock near Alton is, like all red sandstone beds, worn deep into the rock. It has deep pools and pretty falls all along its course. When "Auld Toune" was a settlement the bed of the river would not be so deep as now, but otherwise there would be very little difference. Perhaps hardly any to what is now, except that the country

was more freely covered with natural wood; though there had been a clearing of it since the time the first Bruce came to the "Forest of Annandale."

When Rachel Whiteford married Johnstone of Corehead events were shaping themselves for another great struggle in Upper Annandale and elsewhere. The self-will of the Stewarts was making Charles I. run to ruin as madly as his grandmother had gone. He was a highly moral man, and had many good qualities; but still he considered it his duty to make the Scottish nation think as he did and pray as he did. Jenny Geddes flung her stool just about the time Moffat Sulphur Well came into notice. A few years later, all around Burnock Burn was a nest of rebellion. But that is another story.

Chapter XVIII.

"EARL OF HARTFELL."

"Bonnie Scot, all witness can,
England has made thee a gentleman.

. . . . . .

Thy blue bonnet when thou came hither
Would scarcely keep out the wind and weather;
But now it is turned to a hat and feather—
The bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.
The sword at thy haunch was a huge black blade,
With a great basket hilt of iron made;
But now a long rapier doth hang by his side,
And huffingly doth this bonnie Scot ride."

—*Old Song.*

WHEN the two crowns were united the English said there was instantly an invasion of the Scots. Songs were made about the "idle rascals and miserable bodies," who came south to shame the new king. The King himself had no wish to have his rough and warlike northern subjects come, as did some of them, to get "*repayment of old debts due by the King*," "Which," said a proclamation, "is most displeasing to his majesty." So it was made law that no one should be permitted to travel to England without leave of the Privy Council.

Peace being now on the Borderland, and a fashion setting in for "English culture and English ways," made some of the Border lairds wishful to keep up with the fashion. By the time that Charles I. came to the throne, the Laird of Lochwood had become quite an Edinburgh politician, with no advanced views on church or state, and therefore all the more likely to succeed as he did. In 1633 Sir James Johnstone was created Lord Johnstone of Lochwood; and ten years later, when Charles I. was trying his utmost to win over the Scottish Lords to his side, Johnstone was made Earl of Hartfell. In 1637 Mr George Buchanan, who had been eleven years minister in Kirkpatrick-juxta, came to Moffat, and Mr David Wauche, the son of the notary-public in Moffat, and who had been in Moffat charge for seven years, went to Kirkpatrick-juxta. The reason for

this exchange is not stated; but perhaps the Moffat lad found that a man is not without honour save in his own country and among his own kin.

The Raiders had been quieter of late years. The towers of Howgill, Kirkhill, and Girth-head had been burned down by the Warden of the Marches. Moreover, there was war in the land. Charles I. was in arms against his

Signing the National Covenant.

own subjects. When Charles I. was beheaded, the news reached Edinburgh *five days afterward.* Next day the young lad of eighteen was proclaimed king as Charles I.

The Scots were true; but first they asked of the tall dark lad with the long nose that he sign the National Covenant. It could not hamper him. Only restrict him if he tried to interfere in what the Scottish people considered their just rights and privileges.

The National Covenant is closely associated with the name of an Upper Annandale man, Sir James Johnstone of

Warriston, son of the laird of Beerholm. He had been admitted an advocate to the Scottish bar, and had taken a decided side, standing up against Charles I. when he interfered with the rights and liberties of the Scottish Church. He assisted to revise the National Covenant, which was signed on the flat stone in Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh by the people—some even signing it with their blood, in token of their determination to stand by the liberty of their National Church.

In 1646 Johnstone was made Lord Advocate for Scotland, and his last act in that capacity was to proclaim Charles II. King. Charles II. took the oath and came to Scotland, where he was received with great joy by the people. In Edinburgh the town was almost mad in their delight. Bonfires blazed, and men and women turned the dull grey streets into a huge ball-room. Charles II. had now the people of Scotland with him, and marched south. He and his army, in an August morning in 1651, breakfasted in Poldean Holm, four miles below Moffat, among the fine old trees beside the sweet flowing Annan.

The Rev. William Bennet, in his "Guide," says, "A letter written by a soldier of that period, who was quartered at Poldean, was lately published, where he described his interview with a ghost, which was said to have haunted the house for many years. The spectre itself does not seem to have alarmed him, but he expresses his surprise on finding that the politics of the ghost differed from those of the Laird of Poldean—Ambrose Johnstone."

What *were* the politics of Ambrose Johnstone? Was he fool enough to have any mind of his own in such days? And why did the ghost wander about Poldean when the young king lay there? Was it to warn him of a coming defeat?

Charles II. became a wanderer and an exile. Cromwell was master. Under his rule, it is said, "A man might ride all over Scotland with a switch in his hand and a hundred pounds in his pocket—which he could not have done these five hundred years." That is, Cromwell brought back the days of order and peace that had been under the rule of the Laird of Auchencas.

A Moffat man became troublesome at this time. He was James Wauche, minister of Borrowstormess, who had heired his father and become owner of a small property at

the townhead of Moffat. James Wauche, in spite of Cromwell, went on praying for Charles II. in public, and when he was put out of the church, set up his pulpit in a barn. Praying still for Charles II., he was sent to the Castle of Edinburgh in 1653, two years after Charles II. had rested at Poldean. This seems a brother of the Mr David Wauche who, sixteen years before this, had been minister of Moffat.

Next year the Earl of Hartfell was a Member of the Protectorate Parliament; and in the following year Johnstone of Warriston was induced to resume the duties of Lord Clerk-Register, and also was in Parliament. Far different were the fortunes of these two Johnstones of Upper Annandale when Charles II. came back at the Restoration.

Johnstone of Warriston, fearing the king's displeasure, retired to the Continent, but in his absence was condemned to death and outlawed by the Scottish Parliament. For two years he wandered about till he became weak in mind and body. A Government spy, "Crooket Alexander Murray," caught him in France, and brought him home to his doom. In the summer of 1663 he was marched bare-headed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Before the Council, the once proud and resolute man was so weak that he wept and begged for mercy. Some fools laughed at him. In the morning that he was to be executed he rose calm and refreshed with a sound sleep. On his way to his death he remembered how weak he had been at his trial, and said to the people, "Your prayers! your prayers!" Some of his friends assisted him to mount the ladder. There he had to read his last speech, as his memory was impaired with long sickness. He begged of his friends to pray for him even to the last. "O pray, pray! Praise! praise!" he said, and died without a struggle.

A different fortune awaited Johnstone of Lochwood. Honours were heaped on him. He received a new patent making him Earl of Annandale and Hartfell, Viscount of Annand, Lord Johnstone of Lochwood, Lochmaben, Moffat-dale and Evandale. The governorship of Lochmaben Castle was in itself something fitter than empty honours. It carried with it £300 Scots, fishing in the lochs, and the land-a-mart cow, that is, a fat cow regularly given by each parish in Annandale. Thirty fat cows, sixty fat geese,

and forage for horses in the forest of Woodcocknaire, was quite as good as the profession of raiding. It sometimes pays to be honest. Nor was that all. "Charles, by the grace of God," let it be known to all men that he transferred the burgh and regality of Moffat, and the burgh of Moffat that stood within it, to James, Earl of Annandale.

Thus the people of Moffat were handed over to the tender mercies of the Earl of Annandale. "Gratitude for mercies to come," must have been the notice. Charles II., "whose word no man relied on," had no memory for past kindnesses. Johnstone of Lochwood was to help the king to put down in Scotland all respect for the "National Covenant."

The ministers of Upper Annandale had now to go forth from their charges. One of them was John Brown of Wamphray, of whom Samuel Rutherford said that Christ was in him more than his brethren. The minister of Moffat seems to have been a "weak brother"; but with the fate of Johnstone of Warriston before their eyes, men had to walk softly.

James, Earl of Annandale, became seemingly very zealous in the service of Charles II., right-handed man with the hated Queensberry, and a member of the High Commission Court. Yet, for all that, he was mild in his treatment; and though he had the command of a troop of horse to assist him to put down Covenanters, he had no desire to "harry" his own leal friends in Upper Annandale. "Hawks dinna pike oot hawks' een." His son William, who was afterwards marquis, when a student in Glasgow, wore, with the rest, a ribbon in his hat to show all and sundry that he hated the Papists. *Four years afterwards he went out with Lagg.* But neither father nor son were keen on the killing of the Covenanters; they only tried to face both ways. They had to keep in with the ruling powers, or share the fate of Johnstone of Warriston.

Black Bull, Moffat, where Clavers was quartered.

Chapter XIX.

THE KILLING TIME.

"Lay down your arms, in the king's name,
And ye shall all gae safely hame";
But they a' cried oot wi' ae consent,
"We'll fight for a broken covenant."

THERE is not a glen or a hill in Upper Annandale but has some traditions connected with it of the terrible killing time. Down to the present day there is still a horror of Clavers, Lagg, and others, who so relentlessly hunted the Covenanters in the hills and peat-mosses. Not very long ago, the portrait of "Clavers" was added to the pictures in the Edinburgh Gallery. It represents him as a handsome cavalier, with long curls. A gentleman, standing looking at it, noticed a countryman and his wife carefully examining it. The man looked long and carefully at it, as if many thoughts were passing through his mind. At last he turned to his wife and said emphatically, "I never *yet* liked a man that had a *woman's face.*"

The ministers who had to leave their charges had the

sympathy of their people. As so many pulpits had to be filled suddenly, raw lads were taken from college and put in as curates. All was well when they were lads of some "understanding" and religion. But many of them were not that. The contrast between the old and new preachers was too glaring not to be resented. Thus when the old ministers were to preach at a certain place, and the news was passed round, the country people flocked to hear them. The Rev. William Bennet, who knew so well every inch of Upper Annandale, said in a letter to the writer, Sept. 5, 1893:—"Near Breconside is a fine greenstone rock, shadowed by an ash tree, which is said by tradition to have served as a pulpit in the days of the persecution. John Brown of Wamphray and others might well have preached to many in that sequestered place. I have not seen it for years, but I heard lately that the ash is still entire. I cannot recall the person from whom I heard the tradition, but it exists; and a more fitting place could not have been found for the purpose. The valley is quite hidden from main roads. It is approached from Moffat by a path from Woodhead, beyond Dumcrieff, over a height called the Cocket, from which is a fine view. It is reached also by a more regular road from the entrance to Beld Craig further on. A burn, with pools and little falls, descends the valley and joins Beld Craig burn lower down, passing through a narrow wooded gorge. In the midst of the open valley, near the pulpit, stands the farmhouse, once mansion of Breconside. The lower part of it is ancient. It belonged to the patriotic and generally Presbyterian family of Carruthers, who held much land around. A modern cottage stands near the ash. The ash looks very old, and as fit to have been a sort of canopy as the oaks lower down near Poldean to have sheltered Charles II.'s army. Of course one cannot be sure of the age of either, but I think this may be assumed. The ash probably had predecessors in any case, for there is a fine scattering of natural wood round the little green expanse. Brown and others may have preached there at the beginning of the persecution. Tradition says he (Brown) was taken prisoner through Moffat with his feet tied under the horse. He became eminent in Holland after his banishment." In another letter, on the subject of the Covenanters, Mr Bennet informed me that one minister

in Dumgree was, according to Hew Scott's "Fasti," or Historical Records, banished to Shetland, where he had to live on shellfish. It was about this time that a wild Charteris of Armsfield swept with his hounds into Dumgree Kirk during service. So the one event may have followed the other. It did not do to "anger the laird." Mr Bennet said he had read that Mr Archibald Inglis, M.A., was "outed" from Moffat in 1662. So he could not have been the "weak brother" he was supposed to be. Six years later, in 1668, Mr John Wilkie, an old man, was being questioned in the Secret Chamber in Edinburgh. He was sentenced to confine himself to Cupar-of-Angus within ten days after he was liberated from prison. He said in answer—"Where Cupar-of-Angus is I know not; but well I know that this last summer I rode to Moffat Well with no less than the hazard of my life, and for the present I am unable to sit on horse or walk on foot."

To this the Chancellor said, sharply: "Mr Wilkie, your business stands at this, you will not engage to forbear preaching."

Nor would he. He was supposed to have presided at conventicles, so may have preached below the old ash tree at Breconside. He was taken back to prison, and two months after, in September, the frail old man was again examined. But even now he would not promise to give over preaching the gospel.

Said the Chancellor, crossly: "I see you are clear to preach upon a call."

"Yes, my lord, if the call have a cleanly rise."

"A cleanly rise? What call you a cleanly rise?"

The brave old man said: "My lord, I make this supposition. If your honour invited me to preach in one of your kirks, I being able and qualified for the work, how durst I in conscience refuse, under the pain of that woe, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!' What then should hinder me to preach in a kirk? Nay, more, my lord, I was this summer at Moffat Well, and the chield that is there is run away from them for debt (as I hear), and the place in a manner vacant; if those in power in that place had had courage to have given me a call I would have taken my venture to have preached."

The old man's courage so surprised his enemies that they had no reply. They sentenced him to go to Moffat

Well for two months, and confine himself to Moffat and ten miles round.

There are different kinds of preaching. Mr Wilkie would speak the word "out of season" and in strange ways and places, while he drank the Moffat waters. If ever he spoke at a conventicle, and with as much fire as he spoke before the Council, there would none could sleep and excuse themselves for the fault by saying that the "parson was a-bumming over their head," as the old northern farmer did.

James Porter of Kirkpatrick-juxta also was "outed," and John Menzies of Johnstone. So that the whole five parishes of Upper Annandale were deprived of their ministers. It was not so long since the Annandale lads had ridden to Dryfe Sands. Many of these old raiders would be living in the glens. They were not of the stuff to yield easily, and, *if they were elders!*

Hard was the days of the killing time. But harder it had been had not Johnstone of Lochwood had a leaning to their side; and many of the smaller lairds helped them and sheltered them in their extremity. One of these lairds was named Carruthers. Near the wooden bridge of Woodfoot, between it and Milton Mill, four miles from Moffat, is a little eminence covered with oak and ash, where a covenanting family of the name of Carruthers lived in the old time. Nothing remains of the building. Only the trees that guard the site, and the name, "The house on the hill."

There is a tradition of a Covenanter who lived for some time in a cave in Wamphray Glen. In his extremity of hunger, not daring to leave the shelter, he lived on the eggs laid by the "cushie-doos." Many of the rebels, after Bothwell Bridge, lived in the strange caves to be found in our deep glens: damp, unwholesome places, but more to be trusted than the mercy of Claverhouse. Grierson of Lagg was laird of the lands of Kirkbriderig, and was born close to the Templar's Chapel, and educated at Moffat School. Moffat people do not glory in the fact. What Johnstone of Lochwood left undone *he* did. His name is hated as much as that of Clavers.

Ten years after Mr Wilkie came this terrible Clavers. He arrived at the end of December, having heard that "On Tuesday was eight days there were great field

conventicles, just by here, with great contempt of the regular clergy, who complains extremely when I tell them I have no orders to apprehend anybody for past misdemeanours." The arrival of Clavers must have caused consternation in the little burgh of Moffat. One Scottish lady is said to have put the matter very neatly, when speaking of Bonnie Dundee:—"Lang ago, Knox was deavin' us wi' his clavers. And now there is Clavers deavin' us wi' his knocks." Yes, Moffat was likely now to have the knocks of Clavers, and pretty hard ones too.

The curate of Moffat was one of those pitiful spies who are hated by all honest people in all ages. John Brown in his "Moffat" tells of a tradition, that the Moffat people at last called in that noted Covenanter, James Harkness of Locherben, who went to the curate, and, in a few strong words, advised the curate to take a walk for the good of his health. So he went. But before his going there was much trouble. There are several letters written by Clavers from Moffat at this time. From them it is seen that he was diligent in business. In one of them he says: "I am informed since I came that this country has been very loose." The troopers were in the habit of sleeping, eating, and drinking off the bounty of the enraged people of Moffat. So Moffat people sent in a complaint to the Council with all the particulars. But Clavers advised the Council not to pay attention to the "silly" complaint.

Clavers wrote to the Council: "I am unwilling to exceed orders; so I expect orders from your lordship how *to carry in such cases.*" This was a hint that was likely to give him the "orders" he required. How he carried out his "orders" can never be fully known. The horror of his name was such, that for long he was supposed to be in league with the Evil One, who had given to him the gift of his famous black horse. It was said that no weapon could harm him. Long afterwards, at his death, it was given out that the bullets that killed him were made of silver. He is said to have been shot by one of his own men, who carefully melted silver buttons to form the deadly shot.

"It is even yet believed," says Sir Walter Scott, "that mounted on his horse, Claverhouse once turned a hare on the mountain named Brandlaw, at the head of Moffatdale, where no other horse could have kept its feet."

Hogg tells us how the Covenanters fled to the mountain-land of Upper Annandale, as a last refuge, after Bothwell Bridge. "From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness, from those dark morasses and unfrequented caverns, the prayers of the persecuted race nightly arose to the throne of the Almighty." It was the custom of these hunted Covenanters to come forth in the gloom of the evening from their shelters, in order to go to friendly houses to obtain food. On the day that Clavers rode along the steep hillside, where marks of the horse's hoofs are still pointed out (no wonder they were kept in perpetual memory), Claverhouse had a great hunting of rebels in Moffatdale. Four poor martyrs were set up before Birkhill, and shot without the favour of a trial. Others were shot on the hillsides around and left to bleed to death, as if they had been vermin. The Little Yarrow and Moffat waters springing from their mosses had never seen a crueller deed done.

In April, 1682, Clavers wrote to his friend Queensberry from Moffat:—"My lord, all things here are as I would wish, in perfect peace and very regular." After this, Johnstone of Westerhall came to offer the test to the people of Moffat. This he did in a high-handed manner. All the heads of families were to be present at the meeting. Sir James was a turncoat himself; and as he was always afraid he might be suspected of being still a Covenanter at heart, he took an evil pleasure in the most cruel deeds, Clavers finding him a ready and only too-willing tool.

When the meeting at Moffat had assembled, Sir James Johnstone, in his excitement, swore and cursed the men in the most fearful language. Then, threatening any who dared to refuse, he made them all take the test in the utmost disorder. When this was done, he cursed them still more, jeered at them, and, with a great oath, swore that every man in Moffat was as bad as himself, for they had all renounced the Covenant. No wonder Clavers and his men made merry over Johnstone's mad doings.

Chapter XX.

"GLEANINGS FROM THE MOUNTAINS."

"There is a range of high mountains that border on Annandale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale, that are by many degrees the wildest, the most rugged, and inaccessible in the south of Scotland."—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

TO the east of the "Deil's Beef Tub" are two glens leading to Hartfell, the highest mountain in the south of Scotland. Hartfell is one of a group, or rather a chain of high hills that sometimes are divided from each other by a deep glen, at other times are linked into one long range. There are lonely hopes, cleughs, peatmosses, waterfalls, lochs and mountain burns. In olden times eagles built on the high, cliff-like rocks, and were safe. It was to this solitary land the hunted Covenanters came. There they held their conventicles. It was almost impossible for even sharp-witted Clavers to find them. One of the most famous preachers of that time was William Moffat of Hartfell. He is said to have prayed with and instructed all who came to him. He also held conventicles in the deep glens round his dwelling. Such a man as this was sure to become known to the "searchers for rebels," and to have narrow escapes. That he had many friends in the district is seen from the royal proclamation of May 6, 1684, which contained the following names, among others:—

Adam Johnstone, Merchant, Moffat.
Robert Adamson, Moffat.
William Porteous, Earlshaugh.
James Welsh, Fingland.
George Hunter, Corehead.
James Moffat, Chapman, Crawfordmuir.
John Clark, Nunrie.

These men and a great multitude of others were suspected. They were not to receive kindly and hospitable rites. All loyal subjects were forbidden to comfort and harbour them, and were ordered to use their utmost endeavours

to apprehend them, or at least give notice to the authorities.

It is possible that Moffat, the shepherd of Hartfell, had these men at his meetings. Perhaps they were at that conventicle where the preacher and people had a narrow escape. At this meeting the shepherd saw a sudden movement among the sheep that were feeding on the hillside. A mountain mist lay beyond the sheep. Moffat, looking up, said, "We are in danger; these sheep are not driven without a cause." As he spoke the people looked up, and saw coming out from the ghost-like mist the dreaded enemy. It was too late for them to escape. To scatter was to be shot down without a chance. To remain by the preacher might mean death also. They waited, crying out to God in their extremity.

There is nothing so weird and wilful as the mists of the Borderland. Suddenly, while you are looking at them, they rise and move grandly along the braesides. So did this cloud come. It swept down, dividing the despairing Covenanters from their enemies. Moffat, knowing so well all the heathery braes around, had his friends in safety in a short time.

Moffat had another narrow escape. He was a marked man. To hide from his enemies he fled to Evandale. Passing the tower of Raecleuch, and crossing a stream, he hid himself in a hollow place close to the burn. The dragoons came and passed his retreat. Some time after, when the shepherd crept out, the laird of Raecleuch, who had seen where he hid, came and congratulated him on his escape. The dragoons returning at that time saw the two conversing, and at once gave chase. The shepherd set off to the heights of Elvanfoot. There he hid in hollow places among the heather, and so succeeded in making his way over moss and moor into safety.

Simpson, in his "Traditions of the Covenanters," says that these "traditions" of Moffat were given to him by Mr Alexander Brown, Bookseller and Grocer in Sanquhar. This Mr Brown received the traditions from "a shepherd, familiarly denominated Wattie Wight, who lived in the wilds between Elvanfoot and Moffat. Wattie was well acquainted with the traditions current in that lonely district, and he was a man of good talent and Christian probity. Mr Brown was a truly pious man, and he

traversed the moors and glens of the more solitary parts of the country with books and other articles stowed into a little cart, which carried both him and his goods, as he was partially lame of foot. He was a man wellknown and highly esteemed, and always received a cordial welcome from the people of the moorlands, at whose hearths he both heard and detailed many things."

This old cadger, with his cart, and his memories, is, I think, a witness to the truth we need not scorn. It is too much the fashion to doubt all stories of the Covenanters, and put unlimited faith in romantic tales of "bonnie" Prince Charlie. When we consider how many rebels belonging to this district were named in the royal proclamation, and find Claverhouse writing from this quarter and saying that the people were all "rebels at heart," we may readily believe that if the people of that time were one half as high-spirited as their descendants who now live in the glens, they would not be ordered by even a Claverhouse of how their religion was to be carried out.

The late Mr Laurance Anderson, in a sketch of the "Tub," said: "Above the Tub is a rock, a celebrated landmark in snow-storms. In the persecuting times one of the tenants of Corehead was shot there. In more recent times a poor wandering cripple, in passing by, missed his footing, rolled down to the bottom, and was found dead. A green mound is visible near the only access to this gloomy hollow which marks his grave."

The story of the shooting of the Covenanter is this: In the persecuting times there lived a man named Welsh, to whom in mockery was given the title of "The Babe." He lived at Tweedhopefoot, and was one of the strongest men of his time. He had immense shoulders, a round thick body, and great muscular power. He is said to have put a large stone into a dyke which two men had tried in vain to raise. He could putt a stone two yards beyond the best of his neighbours. He carried a load of oatmeal on his back all the way from Peebles to Tweedhopefoot, a distance of twenty-two miles, with only one rest to draw breath.

This James Welsh, hearing that Colonel Douglas was in the district hunting rebels, went with a friend named John Hunter to the "Deil's Beef Tub" for concealment. Douglas pursued them with a troop. In "Traditions of the Covenanters" it is stated that Hunter was shot, and fell

among the stones over which he was scrambling, and his life-blood oozed forth upon the rocks where he expired. The place where he was shot is called "The Straught Steep." A cairn of stones was afterwards raised to his memory.

After Douglas had shot Hunter, he pursued Welsh. The Babe made his way to Caterhope without being observed. The soldiers guessed he had gone there, and followed him all the four miles, almost at his heels. When they went in, they asked the guidwife if she had harboured any Covenanters. She replied indifferently—

"No, there is only us twa here."

The soldiers saw what they thought was the woman's daughter. For the guidwife, fearing discovery, proceeded to scold the girl sitting by the peatfire. Giving her a good slap between the shoulders, she told her to rise and go to her work. What was she idling there for when all the work was to do? The ungainly daughter, in her mutch and goon, rose and took the stoups to go to the burn. But she did not get so easily off, for Colonel Douglas rode up, and, not believing the word of the guidwife, proceeded to search through the house. The daughter coming out with her stoups was called on to hold the horse. She got rid of her charge as soon as possible, and going with her stoups to the burn, was in no haste to return. In after years the Babe is said to have thanked the guidwife of Caterhope for the kindest cuff he ever received.

This James Welsh was of the same family as the great "Dr Welsh" of Disruption fame. The family still continue to farm the lands near the "Corrie of Annan." This seems to prove what has been often said, that the persecutors gained no abiding title nor lands; and the hunted Covenanters were firmly established in the land.

About this time Lagg and his crony Queensberry made a great haul of over eighty prisoners, in what is now called the "Raider's Land," though if we go on fact, the "Raider's Land" is as much Eskdale and Annandale as Nithsdale. But, however, that "is another story," so I had better go on.

Among this gang of prisoners they had captured Mr William M'Millan of Caldow, in the parish of Balmaclellan in Galloway. They were on their way to Edinburgh,

and when they drew near Moffat found, as is usual in November, that the Burnock and the Annan had joined together in making their Martinmas flood. The prisoners, being on foot, were nearly drowned, only saved by the well mounted guards who, for reasons of their own, preferred to have them hanged in Edinburgh. What with the floods they had forded, the winter rain beating pitilessly on them, and the cold, the poor Covenanters were chilled to the bone. Mud-stained, hungry, and half dead, they arrived at Moffat in the darkness of that November night, only to cross its broad street, and to be thrust like cattle into the kirk, whose ruins still stand as a monument to them in Moffat kirkyard.

Think of the "Conventicle" that would be held there on that dull dark night, and of the prayers that were more earnest than ours. It was "out of the depths" they cried.

Another covenanting story is of Hab Dob and Davie Din, the remains of whose hidden cottage stands in Dob's Linn. Hogg wrote: "It is on the very brink of a precipice which is 400 feet of perpendicular height, whilst another of about half the height overhangs it above." While here they were tempted to throw themselves over the linn.

"Little kent the wirrikow
What the Covenant could dow;
What o' faith, and what o' fen,
What o' might, and what o' men,
Or he had never shown his face,
His reeket rags and riven taes,
To men o' mark, and men o' mense,
Men o' grace, and men o' sense,
For Hab Dob and Davie Din
Dang the De'il owre Dob's Linn.

Weir, quo' he, Weir, quo' he,
Haud the Bible to his e'e;
Ding him owre or thrash him doon,
He's a fause, deceitful loon.
Then he owre him, and he owre him;
He owre him, and he owre him;
Habby held him griff and grim,
Davie thrush him liff and limb,
Till like a bunch o' barket skins
Doun flew Satan owre the linns."

Beside this cottage there was a natural cave where they went to in times of danger, returning to the cottage at night. Ten of the Covenanters lived thus for several days,

while another kept guard on the hill still called the "Watch Knowe."

It would have been strange if at such a time of rebellion there had been no deeds of violence done by these hunted men. They were not all saints, though they behaved better than one could have expected of the wild Borderers.

There is a story told of a girl whose spirit is said to haunt Craigieburn Wood. In the days of the Covenanters this girl was found to run back and forward between Moffat and St. Mary's Loch in the dark hours of the night. People thought she was bewitched, and it was said she ran with a ball of fire in her hand, and ran fast. Halbert Dobson and David Dunn watched and found their guess true. The girl was employed by a very evil curate named Binram, to carry and bring information about the Covenanters. The power he is said to have used was "given him by the Devil" when Binram fell in love with the girl. Perhaps the girl herself half fancied she was bewitched.

The real story was doubtless very commonplace. A simple girl fallen into the power of an evil man, and being made a tool. The Covenanters did not believe the stories told by the frightened country people. They waylaid the girl, got her to confess, and afterwards went to St. Mary's Kirk and shot Binram. The place where they buried him is called "Binram's Corse."

Hogg said that in his day there were people who had conversed with other people to whom the circumstances were familiar. These all said that the road was laid waste with the fear the figure of the running girl had laid on the country people. Doubtless, Binram would not make the fear less.

Perhaps Halbert Dobson and his friends considered the information Binram was able to give Clavers accounted for the successful hunts for Covenanters that had been carried on in Moffatdale. Many of the "curates," as the people called the new ministers, were spies. One tradition says the girl afterwards died of a broken heart. Another says she was conveyed secretly to a nunnery in Ireland, and that her father's name was Nicolson, and that he afterwards lived in Craigbeck.

Chapter XXI.

THE END OF THE "KILLING TIME."

"Then wicked Claver'se turned about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cried—"God bless his majesty!"

—*Old Ballad.*

THE poet of the Covenanters was Colonel Cleland. When he was only eighteen he left college to join the Covenanters, and at once was given command as Captain at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge.

The persecution was now more actively carried out. Charles II. died in February, 1685, and his brother James was proclaimed king, as James II. of England and VII. of Scotland. He was a narrow-minded and cruel man, and a bigoted Catholic. The natural son of Charles II., the Duke of Monmouth, was married to a Scott of Buccleuch, and if he had only had patience might have been king. Early in June he and the Earl of Argyle began a revolution which failed because it was badly arranged. Monmouth was in England, Argyle in Scotland, and neither of them had had time to arm the men who flocked to join them. The end came a few weeks later, when both leaders were defeated, and Monmouth and Argyle were executed along with many of their followers.

The following letter was written by Colonel Cleland to Sir John Cochrane, one of Argyle's leaders, about the time Argyle was to take the field:—"Keep you strong where you are, and keep the enemy in as great vexation as you can, till you see a beacon upon Loudon Hill. I hope in eight days or thereby all shall be in a flame. Send us intelligence to Moffatwell, if possible, where I shall have a man or woman with a knot of broad red ribbons about their right arm, to whom they shall give all intelligence. Haste to send it."

"Moffatwell," at the head of Burnock Burn, was the centre of that old nest of rebellion, from whence stretch out the Tweed, Clyde, Annan, Esk, and Yarrow. The lairds there were by no means loyal to King James VII. Even the noted persecutor Queensberry was tired of him, and the Earl of Hartfell only half-hearted in work that meant the ruin of men who were his own kin: every Johnstone in Upper Annandale claiming to be one of the clan. There needed but a touch to have set all round Upper Annandale in rebellion. And at this time there seems to have been an organised plan to join Argyle. The sight of that wet and weary gang coming out of the old grey kirk on the November morning was enough in itself to have set the heather on fire. Monmouth *might* have been king, had he had patience. James VII.'s reign of terror exasperated England, and in three years the king had to flee for his life.

Up in the north Claverhouse fought for the king, and fell after gaining a victory at Killiecrankie. His men, used to plundering the dead bodies, did not respect that of their leader. They left his lifeless body among the heather with not a rag to cover it.

A month after Killiecrankie, Colonel Cleland fell fighting at Dunkeld. He had only 800 men. There were 4000 of the enemy. Cleland's spirit and example animated his men. He said if they deserted him he would "Stand by himself, for the honour of the regiment and the good cause in which he was engaged." The result was that the Highlanders had to flee, leaving 300 men behind them.

At the landing of William and Mary the Covenanters rose and put out the "Curates." This is referred to as the "Rabbling of the Curates," and I am afraid the method was more forcible than polite. There is no doubt, however, that some of these "curates" were giving information to the authorities during the Killing Time, and were therefore the cause of many martyrdoms. In no other way can be explained the fact that even the most careful watching could not guard against surprise; such was the case in the tradition told by Mr Laurence Anderson in his "Heroes and Heroines of the Covenant."

William Laidlaw, a shepherd, and Mary Stewart, called sometimes "the Flower of Yarrow," arranged to be married. The ceremony was performed in a secluded glen, and the

spot is still pointed out on the farm of Chapelhope. After this Covenanter's marriage they were going to their shieling among the mountains, when they saw the soldiers coming in the direction of their home.

"You are a Presbyterian? An attender of Conventicles? You harbour field preachers?" William Laidlaw did not answer.

"Say your prayers and prepare for death," was the order. The bridegroom prayed, and in a few minutes his blood was on the heather.

Mary had fainted, but was brought to consciousness at the loud report of the firearms. She took her dead bridegroom in her arms and closed his eyes.

A watchman on the hill-top, set there to guard the conventicle where the wedding had taken place, gave information. The bridal party returned and carried the poor shepherd to St. Mary's Kirkyard.

Scenes like these hardened the hearts of the people against the men who spied on them and were so relentless. The wonder is not that the people "rabbled the curates," but that they did not treat them worse.

The Moffat Curate had gone off at the hint of Harkness of Locherben. The attention of the people of Upper Annandale, therefore, was turned to the curate in Kirkpatrick-juxta, where Mr Archibald Fergusson, who had been translated from Johnstone parish, was minister. They attacked him in the manse, tore off his clothes, and beat him on the head and legs. He escaped with his life, a mercy he had not extended to the poor Covenanters.

It was either before this time, or at it, when the country was in a state of misrule, that a poor half-witted shepherdess used to wander about Upper Annandale with her sheep. I heard the tradition when I was very young, and afterwards in Sir Walter Scott's notes to "Heart of Mid-Lothian," read that he had taken his character, "Madge Wildfire," from the old story of the Moffat Shepherdess.

No one knew whence she came, or who she was. She was a "leddy," and carried a crook, as shepherds do. Her flock was obedient to her, and went with her where she went. The father of the flock was a fine fellow called "Charlie," who was always at her side and her chief favourite. When she came to Moffat she usually rested

at the Kerr. One time she came and the Moffat bairns began to stone poor Charlie, and one great stone killed him. The poor, gentle leddy was in great grief, and wept sore. The Moffat people came out and buried Charlie on the top of the little knowe on the Kerr. After that the shepherdess wandered up and down, always returning now and then to Charlie's grave. One morning when the Moffat people awoke, the leddy lay dead on Charlie's grave, while close round her were her faithful sheep.

Since then, the round mound of earth that was once a fort has been called "The Leddy Knowe."

Kinnel Water, below Dumgree and Duff Kinnel—Raehill Glen.

Chapter XXII.

WITCHES AND WARLOCKS.

"Oh, wha has loosed the nine witch knots
That were amang that lady's hair?"

—*Old Ballad.*

IN the story of the Flying Maid of Craigieburn and the Murder of the Curate of St. Mary's, I have referred to the intense fear that prevailed among the people of the glen. Hogg, in a ballad, speaks of it—

"And every maid, and every man,
Astonished, fled at evening fall."

The belief in witchcraft was very sincere.

The Curate of St. Mary's was said to have at first fallen in love with the maid, but finding his power to move her unavailing, was told by the Master Fiend to mould her form in wax, place it before a fire of alder wood, and watch it carefully. When the part next the fire began to soften he was to stick pins into it and turn the other side. Every pin stuck in would cause a yearning pain to come to bonnie

Mary. At last, this pain increasing with every pin, she would be forced to fly to the Curate, and, "on the last night of any moon, when he turned the waxen mould, she would be his to command." People believed all this as firmly in the old times as people believe in thought-reading now. Perhaps more so.

The headquarters of witchcraft in Upper Annandale was Dumgree Kirk, the ruins of which stand high above the beautiful banks of the Kinnel. Dumgree is perhaps the oldest Parish Kirk in Upper Annandale. The Kinnel Water joins the Annan after running for eight miles in most picturesque and lovely scenery. The "Monks of Melrose," who planted Dumgree, were always sure to look to the soil round where they put the Parish Kirk. They did not place one where there was not likely to be a good thriving population round it. Churches at that time were not only ornamental. They had to be useful.

There is a famous painting, "Choosing the Site," which shows how these old monks chose their site. The Cross or Rood was held so that the sun rising in the east would throw the shadow westward on the grass. Where it fell was the site; and when the shadow of the Cross first rested on the grass, the monks all fell on their knees except he who held the Holy Rood. In these old times the Scottish monks were sincere. The ornaments and fripperies of a later age had not come into their creed.

Dumgree Kirk is now a ruin. But up to the persecution, when its minister was banished to Shetland, after Mad Charteris with his hounds had swept during service into the kirk, it was used as a place of worship. In 1660, Dumgree parish was divided and partitioned among neighbouring parishes. This was the year Charles II. came to the throne and began to force the Scottish people to have their National Church of the same pattern as the English.

The churchyard of Dumgree continued to be used till a few years ago. It now lies unfenced, and cattle wander there at their own sweet will.

Not far from Dumgree Kirk is a burrow or tumulous which is said to be the spot where the Laird of Lochwood shot, in a private quarrel, the Laird of Dumgree, and hid his body.

All these stories would centre round the deserted kirk in the days of the "killing," and cause people to say it

was haunted. I am inclined to think it may have been used as a hiding-place by the Covenanters. But that is a mere guess.

Near it is Duff Kinnel. Rev. William Bennet said of this: "I remember a farmer at Ingleston, near Barntimpan, in the secluded little vale of the 'Duff Kinnel,' which runs from behind the green hill above Parks to Raehill grounds, telling me that it was a reputed fairy haunt. Duff Kinnel would be Dark Kinnel. On that green hill are marks of foundations, said to have been a residence of the Charteris family."

However it was, this Dumgree Kirk was well known to be the headquarters of the Upper Annandale witches and warlocks. There they held high festival at the first quarter of the moon. There they walked "wither skins," that is, against the course of the sun. There they, for a spell, said the Lord's prayer backward. There the Master-Fiend baptised each of them with their own blood, with awful oaths, saying, "I baptise thee into the service of me, Ejoall, Sovereign and King of Hell."

Each witch received a new name, or nickname, from "Auld Nick." Some of these names of witches have come down to us, such as—"Dicht-the-lum," "Smeik-the-parridge," "Draigle-tail," "Clarty-Kate." At their meetings the work to be done was arranged. A witch might be set to heal sickness. Oftener it was to hurt or destroy.

The principal warlock of Dumgree was Willie Wilkins. There is no tradition more firmly believed in than the story of Wilkins. Hogg wrote a ballad about him. "Delta" wrote about the warlock. The late Rev. William Bennet always lamented the loss of a MS. book he had read in his youth, which contained many interesting traditions of Upper Annandale, this among others; also the particulars of Mad Charteris and Dumgree Kirk. The book was taken away by some railway men who were making the Caledonian Railway, and I have not been able to hear of another copy.

Hogg said that Wilkins' name was Johnstone, and that he was the Laird of Auchencass. People in Upper Annandale have told me he was Laird of Stiddrigg, and that his family lived in Stiddrigg to recent times. However, in the year 1693, one William Wilkins was taken up before the Session of Kirkpatrick-juxta for the sin of Sabbath

breaking, and I am inclined to believe that the warlock was this man, for reasons which I shall state afterwards. Now for the tradition of Willie Wilkins.

The mother of Willie Wilkins soon came to know about her son, and all her thoughts were how to save his soul. With this thought in her mind she watched one night, and finding his horse saddled, hid a small Testament below the flap of the saddle. That not hindering him, she followed him a-foot till she came to the Kirk of Dumgree. When she entered the kirkyard she found a great number of horses tethered to tombstones.

> "Now Willie's was the stateliest steed
> Frae Dee to Annan Hole (valley),
> But when he stood amang them there
> He seemed just like a foal."

The mother touched each steed as she passed on, and lo! they were all shadows. She went through them as if they were made of mist till she came to Willie's horse, that stood—

> "A drap o' sweat on every hair."

She went to the window of Dumgree Kirk and looked in. The witches, warlocks, and the Master-Fiend himself were there. But there was great excitement. They could not get going on with their cantrips, because of an adverse influence. The mother looking in at the window heard them, and saw them use rites to find out the traitor. He was discovered. It was her son. The sentence went forth, "Tear him limb from limb."

The poor mother from the window cried, "Kill me, and spare my son!"

In a whirlwind of flame she was torn limb from limb.

After his mother's death Willie Wilkins lived quietly. But I have heard from many Upper Annandale people that such was his influence that his very shadow would cause misfortune if it fell on one. And there is a story of a woman coming with some milk cans when he came in sight. At once she stumbled, and the milk was flung on the ground.

When death drew near, Willie Wilkins called his sons to him, and told them he was dying, and that his coffin was not to have metal handles, but "saugh wuddies" head and foot. After his death he was to be placed in this coffin,

and it was to be carried and set on a certain stone near Dumgree. They were to go off, and at a certain distance watch it. If nothing "fashed it," they were to take it and bury him in Dumgree Kirkyard "like ony ither man." The sons and friends carried the coffin to the stone, and waited afar off on their stout Galloway nags. As they kept watch they saw two black bulls come from some unknown quarter and gallop up to the coffin. Then each bull went to one end, thrust a horn in a saugh wuddie, and as quick as lightning made for the water of Ae. Up hill and down into valleys ran the bulls, with the riders behind, but never could the riders make up on the bulls. They only reached the top of a hill to see the bulls plunge into Loch Ettrick—a small, lonely hill loch in Kirkmichael parish. There the bulls and the coffin vanished for ever.

But there are people who say, even now, that there be times when the Annandale warlock is heard playing "channel stanes" (curling) on Loch Ettrick. Hogg said that he had heard people tell of hearing Willie Wilkins curling on the hard ice when there was no ice there, and that people did not care to go near Loch Ettrick after nightfall. When my grandmother and her brother were young they lived at Barntimpan, which, at the end of the eighteenth century, was a "Clachan." When they and their companions were coming from school they had to pass near Loch Ettrick. When they drew near the loch, especially when the days were short and the light might be fading, all the children bolted homewards, terrified lest they should hear the "curling" on the lonely loch. When my grand-uncle was an old man and a parish minister, he was telling of these days when he was walking near there with a farmer.

"But you surely do not believe in such things," said the farmer.

"Wiser men than you or I be have believed in such things," was the evasive answer.

So it looked as if he had not got over that early belief. But, indeed, there are few people near Dumgree who do not believe that story. Only the other day I was told it was "as true as oucht. If you dinna believe it, look, there is "Willie Wilkins' Craig."

"Willie Wilkins' Craig" is the stone that is pointed out as the place where the coffin rested.

Now for the story of William Wilkins, as told in the Session Records of Kirkpatrick-juxta, and related by the Rev. William Brodie in a lecture:—"After the Rabbling of the Curate, Mr Thomas Goldie was ordained to the ministry. He was a son of the Moffat schoolmaster, a clever man, who had been a teacher in the High School of Edinburgh. He filled the charge for about forty-three years. This Mr Goldie seems to have been a bit strict. But, doubtless, there was a reaction after the strain of the Killing Time. At the first Session held after Mr Goldie's ordination there were no less than seventeen persons cited to appear before the Session at next meeting: two women for 'scandalous carriage' on the Lord's Day, two men for 'scandalous language,' etc. A month after, one William Wilkin in Red Brae was delated for the sin of Sabbath breaking. He was summoned to appear at next Session, as also Andrew Gillespie and Robert Dalzell, both in Cauldholm, as witnesses against him.

"At next Session, accordingly, on 30th July, William Wilkins was called and interrogated if he would acknowledge breaking of the Sabbath. Absolutely denied. Andrew Gillespie, witness, called and examined thereanent, declared that upon a Sabbath day, about twenty days or a month ago, he saw ye said William Wilkins, four or five seal (several) times at a pit (peat) stack, and lifting something as if he had been righting pits; but because of ye distance could not be sure if it was pits he lifted. Wilkins was again called, and being charged upon this presumption absolutely denied that he took up any peats; but that he only lifted a little bit of mossy turf to put under his horse girding, that was near by, his horse having a sore back. The affair was continued owing to the absence of Robert Dalzell, a second witness, who, being examined at another meeting, declared that as he was returning to Cauldholm on a Sabbath day, with Andrew Gillespie, he saw ye said William Wilkins stoop four or five seal (several) times at a peat stack, and take up something from ye ground and lay it on ye stack, which he judged to be mending of ye stack, whereon he cried: 'Ye base rascal, how dare ye big ye peats on such a day? to which he said nothing.' William Wilkins then waited behind the stack, and came out after he thought they had gone. Dalzell did not see any horse.

"William Wilkins not appearing was cited to come to next meeting, or he would be declared 'contumacious.' Wilkins did come; but Robert Dalzell did not turn up. Wilkins declared he was innocent, said the witnesses should be made to depone on oath, and gave the name of James Martin of Knockhill as a witness for the defence, 'who could clear him of the scandal.' On the 20th March, 1694, James Martin was asked what he knew of the matter, and said he saw Wilkins go from the horse to the stack, and the horse go into a field, 'but whether the horse was with him at the stack he knew not.'"

So the matter was delayed till Dalzell should be again examined. This case went on for a year and a half. Poor William Wilkins could not get them to believe in his innocence. It all turned on whether ye said William Wilkins did or did not "lift one of two peats on ye Lord's day." There it went on, till it was written in the Session Records: "William Wilkins' affair, delayed by reason of Robert Dalzell's absence, is now cut off by his own death."

Very short. But some of the saddest things in life can be summed up in a few words.

A Kinnel Water lady has told me of a quaint cottage on the Red Brae that is now away, but which was well known. She said it must have been the house where lived this Wilkins of the Red Brae. The cottage was thatched, and had four steps leading to the door. It was quaint looking and of great age.

The Red Brae is behind Marchbank Wood. Altogether, I think that this Wilkins was the Warlock, and that his suspected uncanny dealings made him more severely dealt with by the Session.

Chapter XXIII.

WITCH WIVES.

"Awa! awa! ye ugly witch!
Stand far awa and let me be!"

THERE are other stories of the haunted Dumgree Kirk, all firmly believed in. If any one went near it, they were best to enter and pray there. That was how a laird broke the spell when he had three times urged his horse to pass on. When one reads the trials of the witches one wonders how the poor mad creatures confessed to having the "power." But some seem to have gloried in it. Perhaps the long reign of terror that passed away at the coming of William and Mary may have partly been the cause. Nations, as well as individuals, are subject to hysteria and madness after long drawn out suffering. It takes a long time to get the "system" up to health mark.

There was a witch-wife at what is now called "Beechgrove." At that time there were only two little cot houses stood there: one where Buchan House now stands, the other near Queensberry House. The witch-wife was said to say her prayers with the Master-Fiend at her side in the shape of a black dog.

In her far back past there lay a story. The husband she married had been warned to "hae noucht adae wi' her;" was told she was of the nature of the beautiful tiger, and other things. But, recklessly, he married her and brought her to the thatched cot house with its kailyard ending in branching ash trees. Two years were enough to almost madden the man. One day he said, that rather than continue to live this life he'd go and hang himself. She scornfully told him to hang himself if he had the will. So he turned and went out and hanged himself on one of the ash trees at the end of the kailyard. The woman did not weep and lament. She sold her husband's body to the Moffat doctor, who had it made into a beautiful grinning skeleton and placed in his library. This medical man's

name was Hunter; but I am unable to say when he practised in Moffat. What the Moffat people still say of that transaction is: that strange sounds were heard at nightfall ever after, near the "Tarry-ditch" below the ash trees, as if a man were going about bewailing something. When the particular tree was cut down it was thought that there would be peace. But when the wood of that tree was burned in any house, the wailings were *always* heard. There was no peace till every leaf was burned. After that the woman lived on at the cot house, avoided by her neighbours, and spoken of as a "witch-wife." Her very prayers were hindered, for the "black dog" always came to her if she prayed. Every one who has lived in Beechgrove knows what sound of wailings are heard when the "hoolets" cry in the wood.

Perhaps the most noted of all the Annandale witches was the witch-wife of Wyliehole; and her most evil deed, of how she cursed the miller. The witch-wife had a daughter Madge, who had attracted a young lad in Corrie. The miller there advised him to "hae noucht adae wi' her," and the lad heeded the warning. Terrible was the wrath of the witch-wife of Wyliehole. She cursed the miller, and after that nothing prospered with the man. Suddenly, when there was not a drop of water, the mill in Corrie would whirl with the power and speed of ten mills, and the clatter of it was terrible. Other times the miller would fill the hopper with good corn, and nothing would come out but dust and seeds. The sacks of corn at times were bewitched, and either walked out of the mill on a moonlight night as if they were ghosts, or went and hid themselves in queer corners where no one could find them. When the miller was outside his mill a band of wild cats would fly at him in some lonely place and tear his flesh and clothes. Or weasels would spring and bite and suck his blood. From being the pride of Corrie, he became "fearsome" to look at. He left Corrie and went to America. But the curse pursued him. He came back. One day when in the mill, it suddenly began to whirl and clatter, and fly on at the old unearthly speed. The poor miller was caught, and so terribly mangled that he died shortly after.

One man, Johnny Wright of Craighouse in Corrie, had a narrow escape from the same fate. He was at a smithy

at Owl Cites, and was returning late at night. A voice called out:—

"Johnny Wright! Johnny Wright!"

He called back: "What want ye, lad?"

"Where hae ye been at this unkindly hour, Johnny?"

"I hae been at Hawken's wi' the yad," he answered, still not knowing who spoke to him.

"If ye come this road again it winna be guid for ye."

Johnny now looked fearfully about, and saw, on one of the topmost points of Burnswark Craigs, the witch of Wyliehole switching lint by moonlight.

Johnny said not a word more. He was only too glad to escape so easily. He hastened home with all speed.

These are only some of the many stories told of witches and their doings. There is a tradition that Rob Roy and his men coming up Annandale with some cattle, saw, on nearing Moffat, that a crowd was hauling a witch-wife to the gallows on the braeside above the town. Rob and his men instantly ran to the rescue, and saved the life of the old woman.

Chapter XXIV.

UPPER ANNANDALE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"In winter time, when wind and rain
Blow o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearthstane
Before a rousing fire.
Who'd be a king,
A petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy?"

—*Ballad, 1750.*

WHEN peace came after the Revolution, Scotland improved by leaps and bounds. In no time of her history had she made such advancement.

Perhaps the Borderland of the two countries showed this improvement more than elsewhere. The border feuds and raids put down by James VI. had only given place, in the Scottish Border, to the persecutions of the Covenanters, so that there had been no settled peace nor feeling of security there. This, in a manner, affected the English Border as well, for it kept alive in Scottish hearts the old bitterness against England, English ways, and English fashions. This is shown by the story of the man from the Scottish Borders, who, passing through Carlisle, heard that a hangman could not be got, and that a large price would be paid to the man who performed the office on a prisoner now under sentence of death. The Borderer applied and won the reward. Afterwards, on coming away, a large jeering crowd followed "Scottie"—reviling him for winning money in such an unworthy way.

He turned on them, shook his fist, and cried, "Dod, I'd hang ye a' at the same price."

For a picture of the "burgh toons" of Upper Annandale we have the account of an Englishman who travelled through the glen in 1704. He gives a distressing picture, but it is likely to be pretty near the truth. It took a good many years for the Borderland to recover from the harrying of Clavers and his men, and to feel perfectly

certain that Upper Annandale would not have the beacons blazing, and be laid waste once more by fire and sword. They had somehow got to "expect" such things.

The traveller tells how he missed his way; and passed a stormy night in a bog on his way from Elvanfoot to Moffat. At last he got a guide and rode down the upper part of Annandale.

"And so on this 17th of April, 1704, I got to Moffat. This is a small straggling town, among high hills, and is the town of their wells. In summer, people come here to drink waters; but what sort of people they are, or where get lodgings, I can't tell, for I did not like their lodgings well enough to go to bed, but got such as I could to refresh me, and so came away. From thence I came through Pudeen, and to Annan, or Annand House, both small villages; at the last place I dined at a good Scotch house; and so came to Lockerby, a small town where I lay. It had rained all this day from before noon till night; and to comfort me more, the room wherein I was to lay was overflown with water, so that the people layd heaps of turf for me to tread upon, to get from the door to the fireplace, and from hence to the bed; and the floor was so worn in holes, that had I tred aside a turf, I might have sunk up to my knees in mud and water; and no better room was to be had in this town.

"Nay; what was worse, my room had but half a door, and that to the street; and the wall was broken down at the gable, so that the room lay open to the stable. This was but a comfortless night's lodging after my last on the bog, but I was forced to bear it; so layd 2 case of pistolls (that I had with me) by my bed head, and slept dog's sleep till morning, and had the advantage of over-hearing if any one attempted to steal my horse. And yet the people had French wine, though it was always spoiled for want of being well cellared."

There has always been a certain rivalry between Moffat and Lockerbie. The latter taunt the Moffat people with the old saying, "Moffat? guid help us!" as if going there was the *last* refuge. The Englishman, however, could not have fared worse had he remained at Moffat!

This picture shows us what was the state of matters in the beginning of the eighteenth century. New Inns and Hotels were built soon after the Englishman's visit; the

Sulphur Well at Moffat bringing people from afar to drink the waters. There was also a large flock of goats kept at the Well, as drinking of goats' milk or whey was the other alternative. To climb to the hill-land and drink goats' milk was considered a splendid remedy for a "wasting," as good as cod-liver oil is thought now. It must have been much nicer also.

The Sulphur Well had wrought wonderful cures in all manner of skin diseases. And our forefathers, owing to many causes, were thus grievously afflicted. It also got a name for "female complaints," which was our forefathers' way of hinting that the married wife who drank of the Sulphur Well would one day rock the cradle. Up to the second half of the nineteenth century the Moffat Sulphur Wells were very popular.

A ball-room was built close to the Well, and music and flirting went on at the unearthly hour of seven in the morning. Crowds drank, or tasted, the waters; some on business, some merely for pleasure. While the goats' milk was sold, there was always the chance of taking the pleasanter drink.

More people than ever come to Moffat, but few of them come for the "Wells." There are many kinds of skin diseases still, but newer remedies are tried. It is said that medical men do not encourage people to try the cheaper cure; though one clever medical man in Edinburgh once said to me: "Sulphur is one of the finest medicines in the world, but it is too cheap. If it were a guinea the ounce all you people would run after it." Perhaps Moffat Wells is "too cheap" a remedy.

It is said that our Annandale hills are full of rich metals. Gold has been seen in the stones in our burns. Many times in the "auld lang syne" have men dug deep, but all to no purpose. Perhaps the best known is the experiment made in 1748, when John Williamson, a sheep farmer, took it into his head, at the age of threescore and ten, to search for copper at the base of Hartfell. A horizontal shaft was driven a good way into the hillside opposite Hartfell. But the experiment was a failure.

However, Williamson was successful in another way; he discovered the Hartfell Spa. At that time there was a medical man in Moffat who was a clever and hard-working doctor. This Dr Johnstone saw how the discovery would

be an advantage to Moffat. With his usual energy he set about advertising the new Spa in the manner peculiar to the time. The result was that Hartfell Spa became as famous as the Sulphur Spa, and Moffat became the rage. In Graham's "Social Life in Scotland" we are told that, in the records of the time, reference is often made to money being given from the parish poor-box to send sick paupers to Moffat Wells. Not only did Lord Tom Noddy go when he had drank overmuch claret, but the poor man craved also to drink the healing waters.

A bowling green was in the centre of the High Street then. Graham says of it: "At the bowling green were to be seen sauntering, city clergy, men of letters, county gentlemen, and ladies of rank and fashion; while the diseased, decrepit of the lowest rank, who had toilsomely travelled from far-off districts to taste the magic waters, loitered in their rags in the village street."

A small vaulted building was built over the Hartfell Spa, the keystone of the roof bearing the device of the "bloody heart of the Douglas family."

Dr Johnstone, in recommending the Hartfell Spa, said: "I have known many instances of its particular good effects in coughs proceeding from phlegm, spitting of blood, and sweatings, in stomach complaints attended with headaches, giddiness, heartburn, vomiting, indigestion, flatulence, etc., in gouty complaints affecting the stomach and bowels, and in diseases peculiar to the fair sex. It has likewise been used with great advantage in tetterous complaints and old obstinate ulcers."

Dr Garnet wrote in much the same manner: "It is a powerful tonic of proved utility in obstinate coughs, stomach complaints affecting the head, gouty ones disordering the internal system, disorders to which the fair sex are liable, internal ulcers, etc."

What more could a man desire in a bottle of medicine? It was found to be an advantage that the waters of this new Spa, unlike the waters of the Sulphur Spa, improved with keeping. In taste, Hartfell Spa is like the old-fashioned medicine "steel drops," and when kept for some time is of the colour of brandy. A regular trade was begun. Hartfell waters were sent far and near. Dr Johnstone even shipped it to the West Indies. This Dr Johnstone had his home in Millmeadows, and ground of

about five fields adjoining it. He was in practice in the town for thirty years, and rejoiced in its new prosperity.

Williamson lived to see his discovery bring him honour. He was a peculiar man, this Williamson. Tall, with erect carriage, independent, alert and handsome, the old man went his own way, thinking for himself, and acting as he considered right. When he died at the age of ninety at Dumcrieff, he was carried to his grave by many who had only a good word to say of the strange old man who had "queer notions."

Frenchland Tower, remains of old Ash Avenue.

Chapter XXV.

BUILDING AND PLANTING TREES.

IN the eighteenth century Moffat and all Upper Annandale began to build as if they really believed the "auld enemy" did not mean to come and lay waste. Good buildings of tasteful design rose up. The old Tolbooth was pulled down and the Court House that has been cast aside as "ancient" was erected on the old site. The Spur Inn, or "Johnstone Arms," was built of bricks made from clay got near the whins. But Moffat bricks were not a success. Moffat House and the King's Arms were built; the masons getting 8d. a day.

In 1747, there came the "abolition of feudal jurisdiction," and Scotland really was free. From the time that Charles II. had handed over Moffat to Johnstone of Lochwood the laird had the power of choosing the provost and bailies, and thus the "burghers" lost all independence, and had not the pride in their town they ought to have had.

When the law was being passed the barons objected to the taking away of *their* heritable rights, and claimed large sums from the Government. The Marquis of Annandale claimed £6000 for the regality of Moffat. So Charles II. had given no small gift when he handed over Moffat burgh. None of the barons got as much as they claimed. £800 was paid for Moffat burgh. And though a large sum was claimed for "rights of jurisdiction in Annandale," only £2200 was given. Nearly a hundred years passed away before the "burgh of Moffat" became once again a living thing. Since then its rulers have made many improvements, and fought bravely over every inch of the ground.

Perhaps there was nothing that improved so much, however, as the land. The enclosure and the dividing of the common land was not without its blessings. Turnips and potatoes from being garden vegetables were planted in fields. It is said that from this date the improvement in stock began; for cattle grew so fat as to make the people afraid to eat their flesh.

In Upper Annandale, as, in fact, in all the Borderland of Scotland, the land had got, by wars and neglect, to be almost bare of trees. One traveller said that you might ride forty miles and not get a tree big enough to hang yourself on.

In the time of Bruce all Upper Annandale had been freely wooded, and he was appointed to "the Forest of Annandale." Names of places still tell of these great woods. They were natural woods of Scotch fir, elm, birch, oak, ash, and alder. On the sides of our mountain burns, such as the Burnock, these woods grow freely, mingled with hawthorn and rowan tree bushes, and are the descendants of the older trees which have passed away. But when the eighteenth century came, the land was swept bare, except in hidden glens, where there still crowded the remains of the old forest.

A mania for planting at that time set in. All over Scotland lairds began to plant beech mast and acorns. The ploughed lands had come up to the laird's door. He now got a prim avenue of lime, beech, or elm. At Dunbristle, in Fife, there is an avenue of beech that is three miles long without a break. Exiles, who had been abroad before the Revolution, came back and planted stiff gardens with prim-cut yews, lime trees, and other new woods. So

great was the excitement over the new planting that one laird could think of nothing else even when he was dying: "*Aye* be sticking in a tree, John; it 'll grow when you 're sleeping," he said to his son.

Sir Walter Scott lamented that the new planting took too often the form of unnatural clumps of firs on a braeside. But in Upper Annandale there was more taste and greater variety. Dumcrieff and the Gallowhill were indebted to that time for the beautiful woods that are now the pride of Upper Annandale. Raehills was bare; it is now one of the finest wooded glens we have.

Perhaps the one man who, more than any other, deserves credit for the improvement, was Doctor Walker, the "Mad Minister of Moffat," of whom John Brown wrote:

> "Turn up *Kay's Portraits*, there you 'll find him,
> And see him ance you 'll ever mind him.
> Few equals did he leave behind him
> In Natural History;
> The knottiest secrets, he 'd unbind them
> And solve the mystery."

Dr Walker was not only minister of Moffat, but Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh. It was his whim to bring home rare specimens of new trees, and plant them in his glebe. There is still standing the old "Pouch tree," a spreading fir, that was brought from Edinburgh in the minister's *pouch*. There was also a very fine plane tree, called by the boys of Upper Annandale the *whistle-wud*, from the bark being easily moved when whistles are made.

There is no doubt that Dr Walker's advice and help made the planting in Upper Annandale better than most other places. The only tree that was once plentiful and is now scarce being the beautiful birch, the "birk" that gave "Baitok" its name. I spell it now as old people pronounce it, and as it formerly was called. "Baitok" is the true form of the word, as people say "Ruglen" is the old and true form of Rutherglen, meaning "red glen."

It is likely that now, if not earlier, would be planted the close-cut yew hedge that surrounded the old bowling green of Moffat, and which formerly stood where the broad High Street now is.

Chapter XXVI.

"THE KING."

"And as for this young man who has come amongst us seeking a crown, may he receive one that is Heavenly, and that fadeth not away."

—Prayer of minister in St. Giles, Edinburgh, when commanded to pray for "The King."

IN 1715, there was a Jacobite rebellion, called the "Fifteen." The South of Scotland had been expected to rise both in Dumfries and Galloway, and join with Northumberland and Cumberland in England. Many of the lairds were still holding by the exiled Stewarts, and among them was the Earl of Nithsdale, who represented two families who had long had a connection with Upper Annandale, the Maxwell and the Herries family.

As it was thought that this Earl of Nithsdale, being a Roman Catholic, would not be successful in recruiting the Protestant lairds in Dumfries and Galloway, it was considered prudent to place Viscount Kenmure, a Galloway man and a Protestant, as chief of the enterprise.

"Viscount Kenmure was," says Sir Walter Scott, "a man of good sense and resolution, well acquainted with civil affairs, but a total stranger to the military art."

In the beginning of October all their plans were so far ripened that Kenmure and the Earl of Winton, a brave lad of twenty-five, came up to Moffat, expecting to be joined by a large number of recruits. Kenmure and Winton had brought a goodly company of gentlemen and their followers, and Kenmure had just seized seventeen stand of arms from Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall. Some of the people sympathised with them. The Laird of Wamphray was half a Jacobite. But the feudal lord of Annandale was not, as of old time, so keen on rebellion. Johnstone of Corehead was also against the enterprise.

Moreover, the parish ministers were all recruiting for the other side, and doubtless Milligan of Moffat was among

them. On the 13th of October, Kenmure went south from Moffat with 150 horse, and so onward to "the capture of Dumfries." But from every parish in the county there went up volunteers to defend the town, and when Kenmure arrived, he found that Dumfries was fully prepared. No doubt Milligan was watching his every move, and had given information.

Kenmure came back to Upper Annandale and on to Moffat. Then he moved on to Langholm and Hawick, only to find that the Lowlands were coolly watching his progress, and were grimly remembering what the last King James had done. James III. and VIII., as he was styled, had not a chance. He was as bigoted as his father; and they knew he would never uphold the Protestant religion did he come to the throne.

The "Fifteen" was a failure. Kenmure was executed. The Earl of Nithsdale was to share the same fate, but escaped by dressing himself up as a woman by the aid of his wife. The Earl of Winton also made his escape from death and the Tower. In early youth he had learned the trade of a blacksmith, and this old knowledge came to be of use. Sawing through the iron bars of his prison, he escaped, and fled to Rome to join his friend Lord Nithsdale. All these stories must have made the Annandale lairds glad they had remained at home.

Thirty years passed away. The old life was resumed. Planting trees, sowing new seeds, building stronger houses, finding ways and means to dress and live better, the days of peace were far from eventful. Each year seemed to bring changes. Then came a day when the people of the glens in Upper Annandale were tossing their hill hay, and saw horsemen riding south.

"What news?" cried the hay-makers.

Another Stewart was in the Highlands, and the clans there were flocking to his standard.

When the corn was ripening in the meadows, more alarming news came. The Prince was marching to Edinburgh. Sir John Cope was to give him battle. When the corn was fully ripe, and men were leading it in, Dr Carlyle of Musselburgh, "Jupiter Carlyle," who had been visiting some friends in Dumfries and Durresdeer Manse, set out to ride the fifteen miles to Moffat, a rough hill ride. A heavy thunderstorm came on, and "Jupiter

Carlyle" found the burns suddenly rise in flood, while rain lashed down with the force that is only seen among the mountains.

He said: "I was obliged to lodge in what they call a sheiling, where I was used with great hospitality and uncommon politeness by a young farmer and his sister, who were residing there, attending the milking of the ewes, the business of that season in a sheep country." Next day Dr Carlyle arrived at Moffat, finding all in commotion. Every day brought fresh news. The Moffat visitors stopped drinking the waters for their health, and ran off, each to his home, to guard his own household goods.

The Rev. William Bennet, brought up at Kirkpatrick-juxta Manse, heard, in his young days, many stories of the alarm in Upper Annandale. One Gibby of the Red Brae was the minister's man in the "'45," and his concern was where he could best hide the silver spoons, kirk plate, and other manse "plate." But the treasurer of Kirk-patrick-juxta was worse. He lost his head altogether; hid the kirk money, and could not, for the life of him, ever after remember where. Eleven years after his death, his son found it in the farmyard dyke. The said copper was £1 · 2 · 1.

When November floods came in, the Prince, who had lingered, came to Peebles; the Provost being ordered to prepare for 1800 men. Two riders bring the news to Moffat, and then all that remains of stock, or gold or gear, is in safety. Johnstone, who lived in the Parks of Dumgree Farm, and the farmer of Stiddrigg went up to Dumgree Kirkyard with their families and what things they could lift. Also such of the cattle as was not driven to the hills. There, hidden by the high kirkyard wall, they camped out. It shows how the fear of the Highland host had fallen on the people when they would even dare to spend the long November nights there rather than risk dwelling at their farms. As we know, Dumgree had the name of being haunted. A little after mid-day, on the 5th of November, a quarter-master arrived at Moffat to "secure quarters for 4000 foot and 600 horse." This detachment was under the command of the Duke of Perth. All round the burgh toune of Moffat now swarmed with wild soldiers, who, however, behaved better than was expected. Next day they marched off. A party of them

visited Kirkpatrick-juxta, to the horror of Gibby, who had to wait on them as they took an early dinner in the kirk. They are said to have called at Lochwood. But the laird there, though his title came from Charles II., was not meaning to risk his neck for this other Charles.

On their return from England, the army did not come by Annandale, but went right and left of the valley. Only one poor weary, wandered Highlander found his way to Dumgree, where he was kindly treated and sent on. After that there was the "killing" of the rebels. One of these escaped by plunging into the mist of the "Beef Tub." He had been a drover, and knew the locality well. He also knew that the road is often clear when the deep Corrie is filled with thick fog, so that a stranger passing might never guess that such a ravine lay there. Fog fills it as a snow-wreath might fill it. Maclaren knew also that there was but one way out, and that it led to the hiding-place of all rebels—the mosses round Hartfell. Breaking loose from his captors, Maclaren flung his plaid round him and rolled into the mist, and down to the bottom in safety. Sir Walter Scott used this story in "Redgauntlet."

That there were men who, out of a love of adventure, went to join "Bonnie Prince Charlie," even out of Annandale, seems to have been the case, if references to "disappearances" at this time are of any good. He "went away and was never heard tell of again," seems a common ending to stories of that times. Here is one of them :

It is the story of one Adam Bell, who lived in Kinnel Water, where he had some property. He was unmarried, and a man of position and wealth ; also a very handsome man, and both a good rider and skilled in the use of the broad sword. In the autumn of 1745, Adam Bell left home, after leaving instructions that he should be in Edinburgh for a considerable time. A few days after he left, when his housekeeper was cleaning up for the day, she was surprised to see her master enter by the kitchen door, pass her, and go to his own room.

"You have not stayed long, sir," she said. But she got no answer.

Following him into the room, she asked if he wished a fire lighted. But he made no answer. He was dressed in the same hat and greatcoat, and had a whip in his hand as when he left home. But he kept his back to her, and

never turned his head. He was at a desk in his room, and she left him. Some time after she heard him go out by the front door and towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deeply wooded. There he vanished from her sight. The woman does not appear to have been sure that this was really her master. She ran to a ploughman, and said the master was gone mad, and would not speak to her. Search was made, but never was Adam Bell seen or heard tell of, till, about sixteen years after, one M'Millan, a Musselburgh farmer, was in Annandale, and happened to hear of the strange story of Adam Bell. M'Millan then told an experience of his own.

At the time that Bell went to Edinburgh he also went up there to see a friend, and remained over night in his house near Holyrood. In the middle of the night, feeling unwell, he thought he would take some air in St. Antony's Garden behind the house. The moon shone clear, and he had scarcely gone a step when he saw a man, buttoned in a drab overcoat, enter by the other side. M'Millan was afraid to go further, and watched this tall man go back and forward, always looking impatiently at his watch. At length another man, shorter and stouter, came. He, too, wore a topcoat, and had on a bonnet. The two men exchanged what seemed a password, flung aside their coats, and engaged in a desperate duel with swords, each trying to get his back to the moon. In the end the first man was run through the body, and after covering the dead man with a greatcoat, the other went off. M'Millan was now terrified. Without saying a word he slipped into the house, went to bed, and lay long next morning, hearing before he got up that a man had been murdered at the back of the house in the night-time. There was no letter, book, nor signature, only a silver watch, and a beautiful sword with A. B. engraved on the hilt. Crowds went to see the body, which was buried as "unknown" in Greyfriars Churchyard.

There was no doubt but this was Adam Bell from Kinnel Water. But who killed him, or why they fought, was never known. It had been thought that Bell had joined Prince Charlie, but he did not appear to have joined any of the armies.

Some blamed M'Millan for the whole, owing to the concealment of what he knew. He was one of the strongest

and boldest men of his time, and not at all likely to play such a weak and cowardly part. But the times needed caution. It was never known who the man was who returned to the house and searched for papers in the desk. The country people would not own it was Adam Bell's ghost, because the wraith of a man seen in day time means "long life." It was considered likely that the man who hid his face so cleverly was in search of evidence against himself. This story, if a tradition, is true, and was woven into one of the "Tales" of the Ettrick Shepherd. It shows, in a way, the queer things that happened in the auld lang syne. If Bell's death was the deed of an enemy, he was an enemy who knew how to search for and destroy all evidence against himself.

Burns.

Chapter XXVII.

BURNS IN UPPER ANNANDALE.

"Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow."—*Burns.*

WHEN Burns wandered in Upper Annandale the minister of Moffat Parish Kirk was Mr Alexander Brown. Brown was a character in his way; a broad-minded and kindly man. Burns must have known him well. But though he spared few ministers whom he came across, he did not say a word of the Moffat minister.

When Burns came here the Parish Kirk still stood in the centre of the Kirkyard. The ruins are there still. It is a very interesting old kirk, even if it was of no great architectural beauty. In it were imprisoned the eighty poor covenanters on that dismal November night. In it

was baptised, in 1775, "Jean Lorimer," daughter of Lorimer of Craigieburn, the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks," who inspired Burns to write so many of his most beautiful songs. If Greenock is proud of Highland Mary, Moffat ought to be proud of Jean Lorimer.

While Alexander Brown was preaching one Sunday, the building threatened to come down on the congregation, and there was a rush for the door. Mr Brown raised his voice and advised the people to go quietly out, as that would secure their safety, which they did.

I think it must have been in this kirk that the precentor in proclaiming the banns, named first all the men, and then all the women. Mr Brown, rebuking him, was assured, "Hoot, toot, sir! Nae fear, nae fear; every ane will ken his ain."

There is another story told by Mr John Brown, who was a grandson of this eccentric minister.

Giving the coachman of the stagecoach a "treat" for some little service he had done, Mr Brown thought right to preface the taking of it by a long grace. The guard's horn sounded, the impatient coachman quickly drank off the dram and ran to take the reins, and Mr Brown opened his eyes on an empty gill stoup.

He shook his head with quiet humour, and remarked—"Ye see, lads, we would whiles need to watch as well as pray."

The manse, in Mr Brown's time, was placed at the south-west corner of the town, and there the new church followed it. The old pulpit was taken by the "Meeting House" people; but as the Meeting House is now a grocer's shop, I cannot say where the pulpit has gone. I have a vivid memory of seeing it and of hearing that it was haunted. A teacher of *Calisthenics* had a class in the vestry. It was a sort of insane dancing with a long pole then in fashion. Taking off my slippers one evening, after class, I could not find my boots. "They're in the pulpit," shrieked the others, as they made off. With my heart beating, I opened the door that led into the Meeting House. Moonlight fell eerily into the kirk that had a "stool of repentance" in the front of its gallery. The round, polished pulpit rose up full of light and shadows, and ghosts seemed everywhere. Still I went on, and kneeling, felt about the seat whereon had once sat the "blin' minister, who could say all the

psalms by heart." My boots were below. I took them and rose up. I gave a frightened look to that single seat in front where had sat so many sinners in the far-off past. After that I flew on wings out of the Meeting House. Many things I have not remembered. But the eerie moonlight, falling in light and shadow on the old haunted pulpit, I always remember.

This was Mr Brown's pulpit, till a newer and more fashionable church was placed beside the manse.

The Black Bull Inn is one of the oldest houses in Moffat. For long the portrait of a lion-like Black Bull swung in front. If that portrait is in existence, it ought to be in the "Proudfoot Museum." In the Black Bull Burns many times met his friends, the chief of whom was named Clarke, then Rector of Moffat Academy. Clarke was a musician and a man of some ability. One time when Burns was in the inn, two ladies on horseback passed by. One was Miss Davies, a friend of Captain Riddell, who had been introduced to the poet at Friar's Carse. She was of small stature, but so handsome and beautiful that she was called, in the flowery language of the day, "One of the Graces in miniature." It was of her Burns wrote:

> "Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
> Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
> I would wear thee in my bosom,
> Lest my jewel I should tine."

The note he penned with it is, "Composed on my little idol, the charming, lovely Miss Davies." Burns was a worshipper of lovely women. He said, "Woman is the blood royal of life; let there be slight degrees of precedency among them; but let them ALL be sacred."

When little Miss Davies passed in company with her taller and stouter companion, some one made a mirthful remark on the two, and asked, "How is it that ane should be so little and the other so big?" Burns said, what he afterwards wrote on the window-pane, and also in a lady's note-book in pencil:

> "Ask—why God made the gem so small,
> And why so huge the granite?
> Because God meant mankind should set
> That higher value on it."

Jean Lorimer, the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks," was

born and spent her early years at Craigieburn. Her father removed from there and went to Kemmis-hall, two miles further down the river Nith than Robert Burns and his wife. Burns, as exciseman, was often over at Lorimer's place, as Mr Lorimer was not only a small farmer, but a general merchant. Jean also visited at Ellisland; and as she grew up a very beautiful girl, it was Burns's whim to tease her about a fellow-exciseman, named John Gillespie, and to make fun of poor John's inability to express his passion. In the early version of "Craigieburn" Burns shows this humour more than in the later one, that is more sentimental and better adapted for a lady's drawing-room, a style of song that Thomson the publisher was endeavouring to make Burns write. Burns, speaking for Gillespie, says,

> "I see thee, graceful, straight, and tall,
> I see thee sweet and bonnie;
> But, oh! what will my torments be
> If thou refuse thy Johnny!
>
> But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine;
> Say, thou loes nane before me;
> And a' my days of life to come
> I'll gratefully adore thee."

The wilful girl of seventeen was not in love with the speechless Johnny; and when Burns, more to tease her, wrote the two names of Jean Lorimer and John Gillespie on a pane of glass at Ellisland, and put an ornamental bordering, Jean was determined not to stand any more of it, and went for a long visit to some friends who lived at Craigieburn, her old home. But she was not free of the teasing. Burns came often to Moffat on business, where was that "gem among mortals," James Clarke.

It was some years before Jean's visit that Burns composed the song, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." The "Willie" was Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, who was then in Moffat. Burns, in a note, said, "The air is Masterton's, the song mine. Honest Allan and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." Where this meeting took place is just above Craigieburn. The old, low-roofed house is now swept away, but its site is pointed out. Craigieburn stands above Dumcrieff, in the beautiful vale of Moffatdale. The Selkirk Road passes near the house, and

all round is beautifully wooded with natural wood; for Craigieburn wood is said to be the remains of the once great Ettrick Forest. The Moffat Water is arched by great trees. By the river side is a shady path, still called "Burns's Walk." Here Burns may have walked with the lint-haired lassie, and urged the suit of honest John, or told her all home news.

Jean extended her visit, and there were rumours that a young Cumberland farmer, newly come to Barnhill, was the cause. This Whelpdale was a "black sheep" with a handsome face and a selfish nature. Burns must have known all about him, and tried his hardest to win Jean for his friend John.

One evening, in March, 1793, Jean was at a party at Polmoody, further up Moffat Water, and Whelpdale was to convey her home in his gig. When they came to Craigieburn he did not stop, but whipped up his horse and carried her off to Gretnagreen.

Perhaps Jean was like the old woman I knew, who had been married at Gretna, and lived to repent. "Every stile I cam' to I wanted to turn back, but Richard wadna let me." Poor Jean may have wanted to "turn back."

In a few months Jean was left at Barnhill, and her husband had to run off for debt. The poor girl of eighteen went back to her father's house by the Nith. Burns had himself got into trouble. He had failed in his farming, and gone to Dumfries. The Lorimers seem to have been very kind to Burns and his wife at this time. Jean went often in to see them, nor went empty-handed. Burns wrote many songs to her under the name of "Chloris." One of these was intended to show John Gillespie's grief when she married Whelpdale.

"Ah, Chloris, since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell,
My passion I will ne'er declare;
I 'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I 'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem."

I quote this entire, for it is a gem of poetry.

Misfortune was also falling on the Lorimers. Business was not prospering. Perhaps this drew the two families together with a bond of sympathy. For Burns was feeling what the "cold shoulder" means. Those who were kind to him had to have their motives evil spoken of. So was it with poor Jean. People said she went too often to Dumfries. Burns himself said to Thomson in a letter: "I hope Clarke will persuade you to adopt my favourite *Craigieburn Wood* in your selection; it is as great a favourite of his as of mine. The young lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland, and, in fact, *entre nous*, is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him, a mistress, or friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. I assure you, that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine. Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song, to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, I put myself in the regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses."

He also plainly told Thomson, "Now, do not put any of your squinting constructions on this, or have any clish-ma-claver about it among any of our acquaintances." In a later letter he replies rather crossly to what Thomson had said. Thomson was pedantic. Burns did not care to use any name but "Chloris"; and though that name was usually applied to Jean Lorimer or Whelpdale, it was meant to stand in general for the whole of beautiful womanhood. "I assure you I never was more in earnest in my life, than in the account of that affair which I sent you in my last."

The painter seeks his model in the face of every beautiful woman. So thought Burns when writing his songs. He still saw Jean Lorimer with the eyes of John Gillespie, even in the gloomy days of Dumfries. The outside and respectable world of Dumfries was very hard upon him. Perhaps he gave it cause. But his old friends, the Lorimers, themselves struggling with difficulties, were always kind, and did not make him feel that they saw any change. All honour to Jean, who stood by the poet when his "back was to the wa'."

Whelpdale belonged to a wealthy family, but though he

inherited several fortunes and squandered them on vice, he never came near his deserted wife. Jean, helping her people, and cheering Burns, fell ill, and was supposed to be near death. Burns wrote that beautiful song, "On Chloris being ill," the last verse of which reads:

> "Hear me, pow'rs divine!
> Oh, in pity hear me!
> Take aught else of mine,
> But my Chloris spare me!"

Burns himself was far from well. He said once or twice that he feared his sins were finding him out. His friend Clarke and he corresponded. In a letter he wrote, "Alas, dear Clarke, I begin to fear the worst. As to my individual self, I am tranquil, and would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans! There, 'I am weaker than a woman's tear.' Enough of this! 'tis half of my disease. If I must go, I shall leave a few friends behind me where I shall live in *their* remembrance."

The trouble which had gone on for a year brought him to the gates of death. And by that death-bed stood grim poverty. In a letter to George Thomson he wrote asking the loan of £5. "I do not ask this gratuitously; for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with *Five Pounds worth of the neatest song-poems you have seen.*"

He wrote to "his dearest love," as he called his wife, and told her the sea-bathing at Brow was easing his pain. Early in the morning of July 21st he died. In the beautiful words of Carlyle: "Thus he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country."

Dumfries Respectables arose. A man is always one of the Respectables when he is dead, whatever he may have been in life. Mrs Burns, in her quaint way, said, when a costly monument was erected: "He asked of them bread, and they gave him a stone."

Jean Lorimer, or Mrs Whelpdale, had at last to go out into the world as a governess, and in one or other situation spent many years. For twenty-three years she neither heard from nor saw her husband. One holiday she was returning from Sunderland, where she had gone to see a brother, and went to Brampton to make enquiries about her husband. He had been there that day, and left before her

arrival. He was busy squandering a fortune he had lately been left. She next heard of him as in prison in Carlisle, and went to see him. His door was pointed out to her. As she was going to it a bulky, middle-aged, half-paralytic man shuffled along and looked at her.

"Jean—Mrs Whelpdale?"

This was her husband. Jean spent a month in Carlisle, and saw him daily, trying hard to lift him back to what he "might have been." It was hopeless. Whelpdale was no man like Burns; he was semi-barbaric in his tastes. Seeing she could not trust him to work either for herself or even himself, Jean went back to her duties—to toiling for her bread, and struggling with poverty. She never saw her husband again. She herself went into consumption, and died in a humble lodging in Middleton's Entry, Edinburgh, and was buried in Newington. Her husband, supported by some relations, died at Langholm four years after. It was the end of a Moffat romance, one very much stranger than fiction.

Sir Walter Scott.

Chapter XXVIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HOGG.

"And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene."
—*Marmion.*

I HAVE spoken of the wild and lonely solitudes among the hills to the north of Annandale. This wild and lofty hill country was a region well known to Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and Hogg. From it they drew inspiration and poetic strength.

When Burns walked along the banks of Moffat water, his eye must have rested with pleasure on the hills that rise, fold over fold, to the head of the glen, to Craigmichen

Scaurs, Bodsbeck, Polmoodie, Corriefron, and the distant "Watch Knowe" of the Covenanters. These heath-clad hills, cleft with hopes and crowned with mists—the hills of the old ballads, the birthplace of the Yarrow, the highest and grandest mountains in all the south of Scotland—must have oft-times greeted the dark, gleaming eyes. Whatever went wrong in the world, they were always the same.

To Hogg, these hills were as familiar as his own fireside. He knew their every mood, and could tell every tradition concerning them. Sir Walter Scott never rested far away from his beloved border hills. Hogg tells of a journey he took along with Sir Walter for the purpose of seeing the "savage scene" which frowns around dark Loch Skene.

"I remember of leaving Altrive once with him, accompanied with Mr William Laidlaw and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of Grey Mare's Tail and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode into a gulph inadvertently, and got a sad fright; but Scott, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene, to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our perils were a matter of infinite merriment; and there was a short-tempered boot boy at the inn who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran down his cheeks. I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitudes round Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single, serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times."

Perhaps none of his novels touch on the scenery of Loch Skene, but the oft-quoted lines describe it well.

> "O'er the black waves incessant driven,
> Dark mists infect the summer heaven:
> Through the rude barriers of the lake
> Away its hurrying waters break,
> Faster and whiter dash and curl,
> Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.

The Grey Mare's Tail.

Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave.

. . . . .

Where deep, deep down, and far within
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foaming wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale."

No one who had not studied very closely Loch Skene and the burn which issues from the loch, could have written these lines.

> "Through the rude barriers of the lake
> Away the hurrying waters break,"

refers to the burn which flows out of the loch in flow and force enough to fall in a sheet of foam over the linn, in a waterfall called the "Grey Mare's Tail,"

> "Wheeling round the Giant's Grave."

After the waters go over the linn, they afterwards join the Moffat Water and go on to join the Annan.

The "Giant's Grave" has been often examined. It is a mound near where the burn from the fall joins the Moffat Water. Scott said, "It has the appearance of a battery designed to command the pass." Hogg also considered it artificial and intended for defence in early times.

In 1792 Mr Brown, the minister of Moffat, wrote concerning it—"The Tail burn, a little before it falls into the Moffat, has carried away part of a church in the form of a Druid Temple, a small portion of which however remains."

In reading the works of Sir Walter Scott, one comes often to "Upper Annandale." The "thieves" there get a bad name in "Tales of a Grandfather." In his "Minstrelsy" he is quite as unsparing. But like old Isaac, when he put a worm on his hook, he does it "as if he loved him." He is not very hard on the Border thief. He is too proud of being a "Scott," and never prouder than when he repeats the words of James V.:

> "Then out and spak the nobil king,
> And round him cast a wilie e'e,
> 'Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
> Nor speak of reif nor felonie:
> For, had every honest man his ain kye,
> A right puir clan thy name wad be.'"

There is no glen in Upper Annandale where the mist on the hills is so wayward and ghost-like. Perhaps that gave rise to the many fairy stories connected with this high mountain land, to the stories told so well by Hogg. When a rainbow spreads itself over a hillside, when a quaint and delicate form of mist twines itself round a rugged mountain, moving onward like a living thing, when the whaups sing eerily in the moors, then, in these solitudes, one can read and even believe the story of "Bonnie Kilmeny's" visit to fairyland.

An Upper Annandale Shepherd who got a prize for "long service."

Chapter XXIX.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

THERE are many sad tales told about the snow-storms on the hills around the Corrie of Annan; of how men gave their lives for the sheep. There is a tragic story of a young shepherd who was found dead among the snow, and while they carried his lifeless body home on that quiet Sunday morning, his banns were being cried in Moffat Kirk at the foot of the glen.

Another story has often been told, the story of the loss of the guard and driver of the mail-coach. It is a tale of two men who did their duty, and were faithful to their trust—"faithful unto death."

James M'George was the guard and John Goodfellow the driver of the Edinburgh mail-coach. This coach went through Moffat and climbed the road that led to the high and lonely land above the Deil's Beef Tub. The Glasgow

coach went by Beattock and up by Evandale. There had been a new coach road formed with a gradual rise from Moffat to the head of the Deil's Beef Tub, a good broad road, that is still one of the best made roads round Moffat. It was not expected that steam would so soon set the old coaches aside. However, the road is ready for the wheelmen, be they on bikes or motors. The old Edinburgh road goes up the narrow glen from Moffat till it reaches the bridge at Brigend, then creeps up past Mickleholmside to the summit of the hills. This old road was a very trying one for horses in good weather, and almost impossible in bad.

The contractor for the new road was James Marchbank, Havannah, and the road surveyor, Mr Henderson, who then lived in Ashybank, and afterwards in Hazelbank in Johnstone. Considering the expense the new roads had been, it was determined by the Edinburgh officials that no excuse was to be taken if the coaches were not up to date and H.M. Mails delivered at the time specified. There were red-tape laws then as now. M'George and Goodfellow had felt very much the rebuke which had been given on a former delay. So when the 8th of February, 1831, begun with heavy snowstorm, they made up their minds to obey orders. They left Dumfries at half-past ten, and managed with difficulty to reach Moffat early in the afternoon.

They were then advised to delay, but that they would not do. An additional pair of horses were got, men who knew the road went with them, the passengers went in, and off went the mail.

By this time the storm was something dreadful. Showers of snow, whirlwinds of drift, intense cold, and all the horrors of a feeding storm.

A mile and a half beyond Moffat the coach stuck fast, and neither horses nor men could move it one inch. In this new difficulty Goodfellow and M'George determined to use what was left of daylight and go onward. They took two of the horses, and the mail-bag, and went forward; first, however, directing the men they left to send to Moffat for a post chaise for the passengers, as two of them were women. They then went on, and men were sent back with the remaining pair of horses to Moffat. No sooner had the men gone than Goodfellow and M'George returned. They had found it impossible to get forward on horseback. Goodfellow, the driver, seemed to consider the case hopeless;

but M'George said he had been blamed once, and he never would be blamed again. Both Marchbank and the men with him urged him repeatedly to go back, saying that no one could blame him now. If he could not go on horseback, he could not go on foot. It were best to return to Moffat.

M'George, however, seems to have been a very determined man. He picked up the heavy mails that were said to have weighed seven stones, and crying out to Goodfellow that *he* might return if he liked, went away onward. Goodfellow would not desert his friend. He followed. The men, as they watched them go, expected that ere long they would see the impossibility of the attempt, and would return. Meantime the two women were left alone in the coach. The men passengers seem to have left the coach earlier, and either returned to Moffat with the horses, or joined the others in debating with the driver and guard. For there were only the two women left, who, seeing the coach being more and more snowed up, considered they were deserted by the other passengers, and at once began to scream for help.

Just then Mr Cranstoun, inn-keeper, arrived with a chaise, and the excited ladies were carried by strong hands from the snowed-up coach to the chaise. They were then driven to Moffat, reaching it about five o'clock, more dead than alive.

The driver and guard did not return, as expected, during the night. In the *Dumfries Courier* we read: "Early next morning James Marchbank ventured forth, bad as the weather was, to inspect professionally the state of the roads, and returned with the truly doleful tidings, that he had found the identical bags, which he had assisted the guard to tie the day before, hanging on a snowpost, five miles and three-quarters beyond Moffat, and one mile and a quarter from Tweedshaws. Fain would he have travelled as far as Tweedshaws to ascertain the fate of his friends, but the snow lay in mountains before him, and after an ineffectual attempt he was forced to desist. To carry off the bags was beyond his strength. He left the spot under the firm conviction that the howling waste would protect the property of the public more securely than bolts or bars."

On the frosted snowpost he had seen something that saddened the heart more than mere suspense. There were on it the marks of bloody fingers. The bag had been hung up by bleeding hands. As the man stood, he felt the

tempting snow-sleep come to himself. Ice, like eggs, hung to his hair on either side of his face. He turned and struggled downward, meeting Alexander Ewart of Beechgrove, and some others, and together they went to Moffat for help. It was now sunset, but Mr Henderson instantly set about collecting volunteers. With lanterns, poles, and the help they gave to one another, this party of men reached Tweedshaws, but only to find that neither guard nor driver had been seen. The mails were carried back to Moffat, and sent on next day by Mr Grieve, in charge of his son. Men were sent with him to clear the road. The driver and guard were last seen on Tuesday. It was Saturday before their dead bodies were found. The circumstances were peculiar.

The inn-keeper of Tweedshaws at that time was Mr Daniel Kirk, and the toll-keeper Robert Anderson. Up to the Saturday great bands of men had searched everywhere about, and always without success. Mr Daniel Kirk's son, writing to the *Moffat News*, 19th August, 1899, said that he was in Tweedshaws kitchen on the Friday, when he heard Robert Anderson say to his father:

"Do you know, I dreamed last night I saw John Goodfellow walking bareheaded with a shepherd at Tweedshaws Cross!"

After a moment's hesitation, Mr Kirk said:

"Well, that is strange; I had a dream, and I saw the guard at the same place."

After breakfast, Mr Kirk went out on pretence of looking after his stock. His son says he was not a man who believed in dreams, but he seems to have been impressed by this one; for he went to the place he had dreamed of, and was looking about when a neighbour, James Welsh, came along on horseback, and advised him to return, as there was another storm coming on.

Next day, Kirk and Anderson left the main body of men who were searching about and went to where they had dreamed they saw the guard and driver. And there the dead bodies of the two friends were discovered. Goodfellow, the driver, had been the first to fall. M'George had remained near his friend till he died. Then he had struggled on alone, falling also in a short time.

They were buried in Moffat kirkyard, and a monument erected to the memory of them—"faithful unto death."

Chapter XXX.

OLD KIRKYARDS IN UPPER ANNANDALE.

THE old churches in Upper Annandale were never very finely built. At a late period some of them were thatched with heather. The church at Corrie, a glen lower down, had its roof set on fire in the middle of the eighteenth century by a sportsman shooting at a bird. There was no encouragement in the early days to make either kirk or dwelling-place very fine. Strength was the leading features of the Border Peels, but even that did not save them. The chapel built by the Knights-Templars is a beautiful relic; but both the Knights-Templars and Knights of St. John were too powerful in their day to be lightly meddled with. The chapels built in the valleys have long since disappeared. Very likely the chapel at Alton would be cleared off some time when the cottages were burned to the ground. It was no uncommon thing in the old times for a village to be laid waste.

Moffat kirkyard has many stones of great age, but no searching inquiry seems to have been made. There is a considerable amount of history to be gathered in an old kirkyard. If ever an "Antiquarian Society" is got up in Moffat, it might do worse than search out the oldest of the stones. As it is, the kirkyard is kept shut, and lest even a cat should enter, wire netting covers the fine old iron "yett."

I got the keys one day, and went through the kirkyard. The names on the stones are the names in Moffat now, which shows that there has been little change in the town, except in one instance, the name "Bell" being less common than it seems once to have been. John Bell, who so long watched the interests of the Moffat poor, and made so many marriages between lone men and lone women, "the twa leevin' thegither cheaper," had a long line before him in Moffat.

I have seen an inscription which was copied from a stone in Moffat Kirkyard in 1810: "Here lies William Mure, formerly in Clarefoot, and Katherine his spouse. Died Anno Domi, 1779; she, November 6; he, December 4.

> "Here lies the man, the woman here,
> Their mutual love so passing dear;
> When down she in the grave did lie,
> Here he reclined of sympathy."

I have heard of another stone which bore this inscription: "Here lies John Kennedy. If ye saw him noo, ye wadna ken him na."

I was told that a stone *did* bear this inscription, but I only tell what *I* was told; I am not bidding any one believe it. I own I saw neither of these stones myself, though there were some heaped in a corner that might have had such inscriptions on them. It is a very great pity that the gate of this old kirkyard is kept shut. Its nearness to the High Street might make it a place for old people to "dauner" in, and crack over old times and ways. In Barrie's "When a Man's Single," there is a very pleasing picture of an old kirkyard, fenced round with cottages, such as Moffat kirkyard is. The women wandered there to knit and gossip, the men to smoke and read the old names. In other places the old kirkyards are made into open spaces for people to "loiter," so as to prevent idle men from obstructing the pavements and being fined. Perhaps our old deserted kirkyard may be opened in that way; for "Moffat Loitering" is "a grand standing plea," always in evidence before our Winter Courts.

Kirkpatrick-juxta kirkyard has some very old stones. On one stone is a family tree of a certain line of descendants of the laird who entailed Tushielaw. The name is Anderson.

One of the oldest stones was erected by Alexander Proudfoot, smith in Annandholm. The inscription tells that it is in memory of his wife Lilias Johnstone.

> "No virtue, nor grace, nor beauty can save
> From the all-conquering power of the grave;
> Else she had lived, whose ashes here do ly,
> Till Time had changed into eternity."

Another stone is erected to the family of one Alston. On the top are the figures of four children. Beneath, on one side are the words: "By hammer in hand, all arts do stand." On the reverse side is an inscription to Alston himself:

> "Ingenius Alston from this world is gone,
> From a dunghill to sit upon a throne
> In highest heaven, where now aloud he sings
> Eternal praises to the King of kings."

There is also a stone erected to William Johnstone of Bearholm, and Sarah Douglas, his spouse. This William Johnstone was of the old family of Bearholm. The celebrated Johnstone of Warriston was born at Bearholm.

Among the graves of Dumgree is one higher than the others. The man who was buried here was named Johnstone. He was determined that neither Burke or Hare, nor none of that class, should steal his body after death. To prevent this, he ordered that his wooden coffin should be enclosed in two others, one of lead and the outside one of stone. The stone coffin was to have iron bolts from the bottom through the lid, fastened with nuts. The bolts were afterwards to be fastened down till they were flat on the stone.

There is another interesting grave. The plain stone is marked: "In memory of John Speirs, who died at Barntimpan, Feb. 20th, 1827, aged 61 years."

The housekeeper of this John Speirs was troubled to see that the kirkyard wall was broken down in some places, and thus the cattle belonging to the farm of Parks got into the kirkyard. She resolved to protect her master's grave, and for this purpose gathered a great number of large stones, such as are used to build stone dykes. These she laid in a ring round the grave of John Speirs. She was about to begin the building of the dyke when the Laird of Raehills heard of her devotion, and sent word to say that he, himself, would get the wall round the old kirkyard repaired, so that there was no need to trouble herself. But death came and took away the laird, and then the old woman died. So the wall was never repaired. And still round the grave of John Speirs lie the stones the old woman gathered.

In the kirkyard of Johnstone rest the long line of the Johnstones of Lochwood.

As we are on inscriptions on old stones and queer epitaphs, I must tell of one that was written by a daughter of Lord Rollo. It is given by Leigh Hunt. This lampoon was upon Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. Leigh Hunt says, "A prince, whom all parties are now agreed in thinking no great worthy, nor superior to what a lovely woman has here written upon him." The verses are said to have been found among the papers of the "Honourable Miss Rollo, the daughter of the fourth Lord Rollo, who was implicated in the Rebellion."

"Here lies Prince Fed,
Gone down among the dead;
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been his sister,
Few would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fed
There 's no more to be said."

I have said that there is, and always have been, rivalry between Moffat in Upper Annandale and Lochmaben and Lockerbie, that stand midway. The two middle towns taunt Moffat by saying that in old times "gaun bodies" said of Moffat: "Moffat! Guid help us!" But the Moffat people have a proverb:

"If ye are rich and want to be puir,
Gang, tak a farm on Lochmaben muir."

"True Tammas" said about Lockerbie parish kirk:

"Let spades and shools do what they may,
Dryfe will hae Drysdale kirk away."

This saying has proved true. There is but a small portion of the old churchyard, the rest being swept away.

In 1670 the church and the greater part of the churchyard were swept away with a flood. Next year a new church was built. But it and the graveyard were carried slowly off to join the others at the sandbank. The Lockerbie people, therefore, built a church out of harm's way.

There is a tradition of a "joyful widower" who took a second wife, and was leading her proudly home. As they were about to cross the swollen Dryfe, what was his horror to see the open coffin of his first wife come sailing along, and the dead eyes look up at him.

A Milkmaid and her Prize Cow.

Chapter XXXI.

THE END.

I HAVE been reading a very able paper dealing with the vexed question of the "absolute loss of population in agricultural districts." To many this may seem a small matter, so long as the towns are crowded. But experience has shown that the towns, even the healthiest of them, cannot stand alone. Fresh blood must come in from the healthy country or the race dies out.

There are two classes now as there has always been; the commercial and the agricultural. Education has been forwarded to advance the first, without taking into consideration the second. In other lands, schools in country districts are all managed by sensible, business men, who insist on a boy who has to live by feeding stock, knowing something of the animals he is to rear, their food, and their

habits. It is far more important to him than how to translate Latin.

Without going more into this matter, I may say that it is well the attention of the country is turned to the "clearing of the glens." Here in Upper Annandale there has been a constant thinning of the dales. Perhaps there is little inducement for a boy to turn to the plough, seeing that it is hardly likely he will ever rise above being a farm labourer. In olden times, if a man took a small farm he might rise to being a bigger man some day. But in modern times all the small farms are cleared away.

Some years ago the Rev. Peter Hope and Mr Charles Stewart set about getting some crofts introduced into Wamphray parish. These are now the pride and glory of the glen. If other ministers in our Upper Annandale would only combine for a like purpose, it would indeed be a blessing to many a working man.

In one paper I read, Mr Stewart lamented that the darkness of the winter night was not lighted up in Upper Annandale by the twinkling of lights "gleaming warm and bright" from many homes. Lights, like the stars on a winter night, at one time filled the valley. Now here and there at miles of intervals, one sees the light of a home.

It would make my story too long to give all the information about these old homes that friends have given me. They clustered thick even by the lonely Kinnel. Little villages, mills, cot houses, and farm towns, are all swept away. France, and even Russia, supplies us with eggs, Australia with butter; while hams are fearfully and wonderfully made out in America. The making of cheese was once a great trade here. There are few living who can do it well. They prefer to buy it from the grocer. Not that they like it, but it "saves trouble," they say.

Sensible and sound technical education; the union of landlords and factors to advance such technical knowledge and divide farms; the encouragement by Societies or by Government to farm labourers, who wish to rise to be small farmers, may once again fill Upper Annandale with men "ready, aye ready" to help in every good work. For, as Mr Charles Stewart said, "They are the best of men."

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